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The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

WHOLE No. 2055.

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[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

Gift of God.

Sweet Babe of Bethlehem, in crib rough-hewn,
We feel thy mystery while we commune,
Low-bending at thy feet;
Our fragrant gifts we cast about thy head,
And lay our blessings down around thy bed,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem.

Along the dusty road we walk with thee,
And to the temple haste, that we may see
Thy holy, raptured face;
With trembling love we watch thy gaze intent,
With faith divine upon wise teachers bent,
Pure Lamb of Bethlehem.

Into the wilderness, O Christ, with thee,
With panting heart and trembling feet we flee;
Low in the dust we fall;
We hear the tempter's subtle voice entreat—
Entreat to draw thee from thy mercy-seat,
Tried Christ of Bethlehem.

With anguished heart, O Lamb, we go with thee
Into the garden of Gethsemane,
In solitude to wait.
We bow with thee in agony of prayer;
With hands firm clasped, thy midnight sighs we share,
Worn Lamb of Bethlehem.

With blinded eyes we grope along the way,
Our aching hearts too full of grief to pray,
We press to Calvary;
With cry of woe, down at thy cross we fall,
And drink with thee the vinegar and gall,
Slain Lamb of Bethlehem.

Behold! 'till springs the star
That guided from afar,
O Christ, to thee!
All grief has passed away;
We hail this Christmas Day;
O world, awake!
Thy joy partake;
Send out the song
Our Christ was born
That Christmas morn
Long, long ago!
O Tender Hearts, look down, look down!
With blessings 'rich this Christmas crown!
Uplift our hearts to thee,
That we thy life may see
Reflected everywhere;
Our gifts we'll bring,
Thy praises sing,
Forever, everywhere!

FRANCES B. DANIELS.

ALONG THE MEDITERRANEAN IN THE TRACK OF ST. PAUL—V.

BY REV. H. V. ROMINGER.

Having escaped the custom house, we at once ascended a hill to that part of the city called Pera, where most of the Europeans reside, and where are the foreign embassies and consulates.

From a distance Constantinople, with its marble palaces along the water front, its towers and gilded minarets, fairly dazzles the traveler with its Oriental splendor; but when we take a walk through the narrow streets of the native town of Stamboul, among lazy, mangy dogs, filth, and squalor, this first impression of Oriental magnificence is rudely disturbed. We plunge into a labyrinth of dark and dirty lanes which are overhung with miserable houses, where from little shops turbaned figures peer out upon us, and women closely veiled glide swiftly by.

Constantinople is a city of sharp contrast, of lavish wealth and deepest poverty. Oriental luxury looks down on Oriental dirt and beggary; gold appears by the side of rags, and squalid misery crouches under the walls of splendid palaces. On the borders of Europe and Asia it derives its splendor and misery, its vices and mixed population from both. It is a singular compound of all nations, a microcosm of the world, a labyrinth of human antitheses, cemeteries, ruins, and solitudes; a confusion of civilization and barbarism, which presents an image of all cities on the earth, and gathers to it all the aspects of human life.

To see this chaos of a world and wreck of all religions and races, you must go to the floating bridge across the Golden Horn, between Pera and Stamboul. The bridge itself is a good symbol of the Turkish Empire. The wooden upper part is decayed and rickety; the floats that support it are unevenly sunken, so that there is a succession of swells and hollows. It is crowded by two opposing streams of people, foot and horses, carriages, beggars, and donkeys, jumbled together in inextricable confusion. Here is every color and costume, every variety of dress and undress, grotesque and picturesque, and here all the races of the world meet, and all the types of mankind that came out of the ark march and counter-march. The ceaseless stream rolls by—a panorama of the world in an hour—and there is no pause in the tramp, tramp of the thousands that keep up their endless march.

From the lofty tower on the Galata Hill, to which we are carried by an underground railway, we look down on the grandest site of empire in all the world—a panorama of sky and sea and continents. Constantine chose well when he selected this place for the capital of the Eastern Roman Empire in 330 A. D. For 1,123 years Constantinople was a seat of Empire. Long after Athens was cast down, long after Rome attracted men, through the dark ages, while most of Europe was yet barbarian, the lamps of literature were kept somewhat alive in the city of Constantinople. As to the natural beauty of the situation, no language can surpass the reality. It stands at the junction of two continents

and two seas, where Europe looks across the Bosphorus to Asia, as San Francisco looks across the bay to Oakland. Off to the south is the far-flashing sea of Marmora, coming up to the very walls of the city; at our feet is the Golden Horn, motionless and crystalline, crowded with ships and dotted with *caiques* that look like flies swimming on the water; in front is the Bosphorus, where floats every sort of ship, heavy ironclads, the warships of the Sultan, and innumerable steamers bearing the grain of Russia to feed the nations of western Europe; beyond the Bosphorus stretches away the Black Sea, whose azure melts into that of the sky, while all about is a glory of light and color to make us doubt whether we are beholding our own planet or some star more favored of God. The armies of the world have marched across this highway of the centuries, and here the Eastern question and the fate of empires will soon be decided.

The Turk holds this fair city to-day only on sufferance through the jealousy of Christian Europe. It was a Christian city, with its churches, schools and literature, and when the Turk came here and took it, he murdered Christians right and left, and would do so now if he dared. Like the Pope, the Turk never changes, and he cannot until he ceases to be a Moslem. He is a Tartar barbarian sitting here on the shores of Europe, occupying the finest situation in the world, only to oppose a barrier to the progress of the nations. His strength is long since gone, and it only remains for some one to administer on his decaying empire. He cannot be tolerated to rule and ruin and curse the fairest portions of Europe and Asia much longer. The Turk, from the time he came from Central Asia, has only lived by plunder, and has never made any progress nor taken root among the family of civilized nations. Wherever he has gone he has hindered the dawn of day. Wherever he has set his foot, there he has sown the seeds of ruin.

If the East is to be regenerated and the Mohammedans are to be converted, it must be done, as at the beginning, by the might of truth, by doctrine and example, by a republication of the gospel of Christ in these Orient lands. The cross shall yet fly above the crescent, not only over the great temple of St. Sophia, but over all the minarets and domes of Constantinople. On the heights of Roumeli Hissar, overlooking the castles of the great Darius and the blue Bosphorus, stands Robert College, unfurling the star-spangled banner in the land of the Crescent. This American institution of Christian learning is verily the light of Asia. From its halls proceeds the invisible and invincible influence, moulding and leavening and breaking up superstition and ignorance. The light is being turned on Mohammedan darkness. Education is the road to salvation. Robert College is doing more for the cause of Christ, of truth and goodness than all the powers of Europe put together. The days of Islam are numbered. Its dark and long night is wearing out. The heavens begin to gleam with Orient light. Christ, the King, is coming, and superstition, fatalism and falsehood cannot stand against the sweeping might of light, of knowledge, of truth and of divine life. May the day hasten when the Light of Asia and of the world shall, like a full-orbed sun, shine again upon that ancient land of glorious birth, and the shores of the Bosphorus ring with the song of Christendom, "All hail the power of Jesus' name!"

THE PROPHETIC DAY FOR A YEAR THEORY.

BY REV. S. BRISTOL.

It is a universally accepted doctrine, among the advocates of the pre-millennial advent of Christ, that a day in biblical prophecy is to be taken for a year. All their reckoning, whereby the definite or nearly definite time of Christ's coming is fixed, is based on this theory. This was the chief corner-stone in Wm. Miller's calculations, which located the second coming of Christ in 1843. This all his followers have accepted. And this is assumed by his latest disciple, Lieutenant Totten, in his singular letters on the subject, recently printed in *Frank Leslie's Journal*.

We propose in this paper to examine this theory, and see whether it is founded on the rock or on the sand. If it is well supported, then the advocates of the speedy coming have somewhat to stand upon, and, if not, they are all at sea. Are we, then, authorized by prophetic use of numbers in the Bible, to reckon the days designated therein as the equivalent of years, and the years as equal to as many more as there are days contained in them? We think not.

First—Because such use seems to us unnatural, uncalled-for and misleading; unnatural, because not in accord with general usage; uncalled-for, because, as we look at it, no special advantage is secured by the strange departure from ordinary usage; misleading, because the

most thoroughly honest and earnest readers of the Bible, the class for which the book was specially written, would be the most likely of all men to take the words in their ordinary acceptation, and therefore be most likely to be misled thereby. I know well it has been said that this device was resorted to in order to conceal from the enemy the dates of fulfillment of prophecies, lest, forewarned, they should forestall and defeat them. A silly excuse indeed! For if it were known that, in a prophet's mouth, a day meant a year, and a year 365 days, then the dates would not be concealed. But God is not at all afraid that puny man will forestall and defeat his plans, albeit he may know the day and the hour of their intended execution. Christ foretold, and that publicly, his coming crucifixion, and that on the third day he would rise again. Did that fixing of the time, and its announcement, enable his enemies to defeat the prophecy? Let the earthquake which shook the Holy City, the angel who rolled the rock away, and the pale and palsied guard give the answer!

But, secondly, the day for a year theory is far from justified by prophetic usage. In the sixth chapter of Genesis, wherein the deluge was threatened to drown a guilty world, it was foretold that God would suspend the execution "120 years, while the ark was preparing." If a year in this prophecy meant as many years as there were days in that year, then the suspension was for over forty thousand years! Of course, the theory breaks down here in this first example of prophetic use.

In Gen. xv. 13, God appeared to Abraham and said: "Know of a surety that thy seed shall be a stranger in a land not theirs, and shall serve them; and they shall afflict them forty years." Does that mean 146,000 years? Pass on to the captivity of the Jews in Babylon. In II Chron. xxxvi. 21, the time designated in the prophecy was "three score and ten years." In Jer. xxv. 12, the language is, "It shall come to pass after seventy years are accomplished." And in Daniel ix. 2, again this same period is designated as "seventy years." In all these cases the prophetic year is the common year, and not the 365 times as many, required by the theory.

Pass on to Jonah's prophecy, that in "forty days" Nineveh should be destroyed. Did that mean in forty years? If so, Jonah did not understand it, for he went out of the city, and built a booth, and waited there to see the city fall.

We now enter the New Testament. Jesus prophesied that "after three days he would rise again." Did that mean after three years? In the twentieth chapter of Rev. we are told of a reign of righteousness on earth which is to last 1,000 years, and after that a great apostasy. Are those 1,000 years to be taken for 165,000 years, or the day for a year theory? Whence, then, it will be asked, does this doctrine derive its support? I answer:

1. In the utter misuse of some passages found in the fourth chapter of Ezekiel. In that chapter the Lord told Ezekiel to lie on his left side 390 days in the sight of the people of Israel, as a sign that for 390 years they should lie prostrate before their enemies, and under the judgments of the Lord, each day of their prostration represented a year of theirs. So, also, lying on his right side forty days, he was to symbolize a like prostration of the Jewish nation of Israel for forty years. In both cases the word day is used for a day, and year for the ordinary year. Nor is there in this narrative the slightest intimation that thenceforth the day for a year theory would prevail in Bible prophecies.

2. The day for a year theory is thought to receive support from the "seventy weeks" spoken of in Daniel ix., which were to precede messianic times. But the Hebrews had their weeks of years, as well as of days, and it is as legitimate to supply the word years as to supply the word days. The original is simply "seventy sevens." As to the argument drawn from such phrases as "time, times and dividing of time," "a thousand and three hundred and thirty and five days," before certain events should occur, no argument can be drawn from them until it is settled to what events they apply. And on that matter commentators are widely at variance. So in the book of Revelation xi. 3, when the Lord's "two witnesses prophesy twelve hundred and sixty days clothed in sack-cloth," instead of 1,260 years being designated, it is now generally supposed to cover only as many literal days, or the three and one-half years of terrible persecution of the Christian Church under the tyrant Nero. Indeed, the last part of the chapter, giving the "number of his name," shows it was his persecution which was referred to, and that the 1,260 days were literal and ordinary days. So much for the day for a year theory of our Second Advent friends. "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

Congregationalists of Northern California: Our last General Association passed the following recommendation: "That the Executive Committee of the California Home Missionary Society be asked to make arrangements for a series of missionary meetings to be held in our churches some time during the coming months, and that the following brethren be asked to co-operate with that Committee in formulating plans for these meetings, and in carrying out those plans in the churches of their associations: Rev. Messrs. Wilcox and Cooke, Bay Association; Silcox and Tunnell, Valley Association; Rathbone and Windsor, Santa Clara Association; Sargent and Brother Cosper, San Joaquin Association; Griffiths, Humboldt Association; W. L. Jones and Madge, Sonoma county; Jewett and Flanders, Upper Bay Association; Hoskins, Mt. Shasta Association; Goodsell and Sink, Mokelumne Association."

In accordance with this request, the Executive Committee of the California Home Missionary Society appointed a sub-committee of three to prepare and present for their consideration some plan for these meetings. This plan, after somewhat wide consultation with our pastors, was presented and adopted at its last meeting:

"(1) We recommend that strict simultaneousness in these meetings for our entire field be abandoned.

"(2) That missionary meetings for all our churches be planned for each section of our state by the respective local committees in consultation with the pastors in their sections, these several committees co-operating with the committee of this body, so that helpful and orderly sequence can be secured, and desired assistance from speakers at a distance be arranged for.

"(3) That the time during which these meetings are to be arranged in the several sections be, as nearly as possible, as follows:

"Bay Association, last week in January and first and second weeks in February; Upper Bay, last week in February and first week in March; Sonoma county, second week in March; Santa Clara, third and fourth weeks in March; San Joaquin, first week in April; Mokelumne, second week in April; Sacramento, fourth week in April; Mt. Shasta, second week in May; Humboldt, fourth week in May.

"(4) That men willing to help for a week, in any of these sections, be invited to volunteer their services.

"(5) That each of our national societies be asked to furnish us, if possible, a set of at least half a dozen lantern slides illustrating its work, for a presentation of our Congregational missionary work, with the stereopticon, during these meetings."

In accordance with this plan, then, Brothers Wilcox and Cooke will be asked to prepare a schedule of meetings and speakers for the churches of the Bay Conference (Sonoma county excepted) in such a way, that, as far as possible, a missionary rally will be held in each of these churches during the time designated, and in such order as to avoid clashing of appointments, or unnecessary travel on the part of speakers; and furnish that schedule for publication in THE PACIFIC at least two weeks before the meetings begin. Brothers Jewett and Flanders are asked to arrange in the same way for the Upper Bay Conference; Brothers Jones and Madge for Sonoma county; Brothers Rathbone and Windsor for Santa Clara valley; Brothers Sargent and Cosper San Joaquin valley; Brothers Goodsell and Sink for Mokelumne Association; Brothers Silcox and Tunnell for Sacramento valley; Brother Hoskins for Mt. Shasta district; and Brother Griffiths for Humboldt county. It is hoped that by this method mistakes of last year may be avoided, and an efficient campaign more wisely planned.

The sequence of districts suggested above has been arranged with a view to making it as convenient as possible for our new Home Missionary Superintendent, Brother Ward, to pass without loss of time from one group of churches to another, and yet to allow sufficient time so that it will be possible for him to visit during these meetings every or nearly every church within our bounds.

Will the brethren on the local committees accordingly plan to give him a hearing in each church, and plan their circuits so far as possible for his convenience on this missionary tour? It is hoped that Superintendent Wirt can also accompany him in this tour.

The following suggestions, which seem to embody the thought of the brethren on the general aim and conduct of the meetings, may not be amiss:

The purpose of these meetings is not to raise money, but to awaken interest and give information. Accordingly, it is advised that no offerings be made during the campaign.

Their general object was well set forth last year, viz., "to present the wide work

of Christ's kingdom at home and abroad, with strong emphasis on our state needs; and by the presentation of missionary principles and facts to seek to arouse and quicken the missionary spirit in our churches." The speakers last year were asked:

"(1) To dwell on the need and power of earnest united prayer for God's kingdom.

"(2) To make emphatic Christ's commands to evangelize all the world.

"(3) To urge the consecration of children by their parents to this great work of the world's evangelization.

"(4) To press home the grave responsibilities of our stewardship, especially in the consecration of our wealth, urging more particularly the obligation resting not only upon each church, but each Christian, to make some offering yearly for at least the home and foreign work; and if possible for each of our seven great benevolent societies."

As before, we recommend an afternoon conference wherever possible, and in it a children's hour, and an hour for woman's work for women (in planning for which our Woman's State Home and Foreign Unions should be called on to assist). There is no fund for defraying expenses of speakers. Each must provide for his own, as was done before. Each church, after receiving from the local committee notices of the date of its meeting and speakers expected, is asked to arrange its own programme, and take general charge of its own meetings, as well as entertain its delegation of helpers. In some cases union meetings, in which other denominations are invited in brief speeches to present their missionary work, will be found most interesting, stimulating and helpful. A general exchange of pulpits on the Sunday following the meetings, with a discussion of missionary topics at all services of the day, making it a general missionary day, will, we believe, be found to be advantageous in most cases.

We trust our churches and pastors will co-operate promptly and enthusiastically with the brethren on the committees from their local conferences, that their burden may be lightened as much as possible, and a successful campaign planned. A cordial acceptance on the part of each church of the date suggested for its meeting, will, even though it may not be the most advantageous date for the church, yet save much time and trouble and inconvenience to the whole group of churches with which it is connected. Undoubtedly, many churches will have to lay aside or postpone something that would otherwise be most important, to take the place suggested them in these meetings. But we can afford to suffer a little for the good of all (and in the end get a richer blessing), especially as it is so seldom that we are called on to co-operate in this way for the good of our common work.

For any further information the churches are asked to correspond with their Association Committees, who will secure speakers and arrange all dates for their respective districts. The Committee appointed to represent the Home Missionary Executive Committee, and consisting of Revs. W. D. Williams, D. D., F. B. Pullan and W. W. Scudder, Jr., stands ready to co-operate with and move in the service of these Association Committees, in any matters in which their assistance may be required.

W. W. SCUDDER, JR.

BOYS AND GIRLS' HOME MISSIONARY ARMY.

The Army stores have come to hand at last—too late for a general rally on Pilgrim Sunday such as was proposed; but not too late to enable every church to hold a children's Home Missionary service, which will be profitable and interesting both to young and old. I do not hesitate to pronounce the exercise furnished for this service to be the best for a children's meeting that I have ever seen. Nowhere will it be used, after suitable preparation, without kindling enthusiasm and leaving a blessing behind it. Furthermore, if the \$10,000, without which our home missionary work in Northern and Central California will be sorely crippled, is to be raised, we must, evidently, get the help of all classes—"young men and maidens, old men and children." The Boys and Girls' Army can be of great assistance, and if it is not, who, unless our pastors, must shoulder the blame? Send for supplies to the undersigned, WM. C. POND, Chairman Committee.

The cost of the tunnel under the Thames, about four miles below London Bridge, is to be \$4,355,000. It is to be 1,200 feet in length and 26 feet in diameter, with the crown only eight feet below the bed of the river at its deepest part. The process of construction is to be almost like that of the Hudson River Tunnel.

Baron Hirsch is said to be worth \$100,000,000, which immense fortune was made out of railway contracts.

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All contributions for the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board should be sent to Miss Grace E. Goodhue Treasurer, Y. L. B. W. B., 1722 Geary street, S. F.

FROM JAPAN.

Dear Mrs. Dwinell: I notice that just a month ago to-day I was with you and your daughter. It is a dark, dismal day, and looks as if we might have rain soon.

Well, I will begin at the beginning. I was in my stateroom sick within an hour after I left you, and there I stayed most of the time until the following Sunday, when I took my first meal in the dining-room. Then I was in bed three days of the next week. We arrived, or rather anchored, off Yokohama, Tuesday morning, October 13th, at eight o'clock. The harbor was full of small fishing boats; in fact, we passed them quite a distance out at sea. We were surrounded with small passenger and freight boats as soon as we stopped. We did not get to shore for some time, and then came the custom house, which we did not leave until noon.

Mr. Hill of Kobe, Miss Gill of Tottori, and Miss Brown of Niigata came to meet us. Mr. Hill, Miss Frase and Miss Gill took evening boat for Kobe. Miss Wilkinson went with friends, and Miss Brown and I to a boarding-house, where we stayed while finishing our shopping; then, Wednesday, we went to Tokio to which Greene's so as to get my passport, which arrived 11 P. M. Thursday. You never saw such a place as it is to do things at unearthly hours—so early or so late. Most through trains and boats leave about six, and if you have to go any distance you are obliged to be up very early.

We left Dr. Greene's Friday morning and rode to Talaski by train; changing cars twice there, we got into tram car and went up over the mountains. It is a fourteen-mile grade, and has two hundred and forty turns in it. There were eleven people packed in a 5x3 car. The jolting was indescribable. There we took train for Nanyano, where we arrived at 10 P. M., and we stayed here all night, and I can tell you I did not sleep much, for the walls all slide, and I did not know what minute some one would come in. In the morning I had my first Japanese breakfast. Looking at it was the way I broke my fast. Took the early train to Naveton, arriving there about ten; then we took jirikishas for over the mountains—it is fifty-five miles—and on to Nagasaki.

We each had two men and arrived at the middle station at 5 P. M., and got new men for the last half. These we changed every five or seven miles. How we did go! they fairly flew over the ground. We arrived at Mr. Newell's at half-past nine. They had a nice supper waiting us. We spent the Sunday and then took the six o'clock boat Monday morning for Niigata. It was a fifty-mile ride, and as the river was very low had to change boats twice. We arrived at Niigata at half-past one, and found Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, Mr. Pedley and baby and all the school girls down to meet us. In the evening went to a church social; they served tea and cakes.

Tuesday, we three girls took tea at Mrs. Curtis'. * * * Every house is surrounded by a high board fence. We have a nice big yard, but nothing in it. My trunk and furniture may not arrive for a month or more, as we had to send it by boats around the island. Freight overland is very expensive, coming as it does so much by hand. I have just returned from the school building, where I have been singing church hymns. I am to teach music and singing, in all ten hours a week; and I am to recite two hours a day to my Japanese teacher and spend three hours a day studying.

ALICE E. HARWOOD.

The Prohibition canteen at Fort Riley, Kansas, has had only six cases of drunkenness out of 649 men, while the rest of the army has 41 in 1,000.

The entering classes for this Fall of the Chautauqua Circles number 15,000 students. The course of instruction lasts for three years.

It is said that Confucius, 500 years B. C., was the first man on record who admired and popularized the chrysanthemum.

Florida is probably the best timbered State in the Union, but of \$8,000,000 acres only some 3,000,000 are cultivated.

RAMBLES IN THE ORIENT—XII. THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL.

It was half past five on the evening of the 9th of March when the town of Suez appeared in sight, and as soon as the anchor was dropped, preparations were made to take the electric lights of Lloyd Company on board, one in front and the other behind. Formerly the ships could not pass through the canal during the night, but now with the aid of the electric lights they can travel all night. While waiting for the vessel to weigh anchor, for no one was allowed to go on shore, vendors of Egyptian, Turkish, French, Arabs, Italians, Egyptians, etc. Mt. Sinai and Mt. Horeb are situated about one hundred miles from Suez. As our entrance into the canal was by night, we missed seeing the bazaar and the shops of Suez, with the various forms of life in vogue here, but we saw enough that the people were more civilized, and yet within civilization the greater wickedness prevailed. A few jet blacks were seen, but the majority of the vendors of articles were either Egyptians or Arabs. The canal itself is about eighty-seven English miles long, and consists of about one-fourth canal artificially made, while the rest runs through the hollows of natural lakes, chiefly the Bitter Lakes and Lake Timsah, which, though shallow, are deep enough to be turned to account. The canal cutting is intended to be 327 feet wide at the surface of the water, 72 feet wide at the bottom, and about thirty feet deep. Where the cuttings are hard and costly, the surface width is reduced to 196 feet. About one-third of the whole is embanked, the rest is at or below the sea level. The work at first was done by the forced labor of fellahs (Egyptian laborers) who scooped the sand, mud and clay in the line of cutting, and carried it off in baskets. Afterwards their labor was superseded by sixty or seventy steam dredging machines. The excavation was comparatively easy, as there is little stone along the line except at Chalouf. This canal was commenced in 1859 and was formally opened in 1870.

Near Suez stands a statue of De Lesseps, the great constructor of the canal. The scene was at first very much tabooed by the English engineers, but through the persevering energy of M. de Lesseps the work was finished in due time. It is a pity that the canal is not wider, so that two ships could pass each other. As it is, much time is lost now, by being obliged to make the steamers fast at certain points in order that they may pass one another. On both sides of the canal there is little of vegetation, and the canal is constantly being dredged. The sand and mud gathering at the bottom are removed by dredging machines and afterwards wheeled away by men. A number of beautiful scenes are seen along the canal, though for the most part of the way there is nothing but sand on both sides as far as the eye can see. This forms a beautiful mirage, so as to look very much like water, and it is this which is so deceptive in the desert.

Ismaïlia is a town situated between Suez and Port Said, about forty-four miles from the former. Here the Fresh Water Canal from Zigazig is seen. This supplies fresh water to Suez and all along the line to Port Said. A number of villages are observed along the Canal, and among them is Kantara, from which a road runs to Jerusalem and Syria. We were seventeen and a half hours in passing from Suez to Port Said; might have made it in eight or nine hours if we had not been obliged to tie up to the bank so often. Mail steamers have the preference, and they usually have few delays; especially is this true of the French line of steamers, who seem to have more rights than other mail steamers. To tie up a large steamer like ours of 4,585 tonnage and to get her clear from the bank again requires considerable seamanship. It is to be hoped that it will not be long before the canal is materially widened, so that at least two steamers can pass each other.

The name of De Lesseps will ever be held in honor for this great achievement. He may have failed at Panama, but here his efforts were crowned with unparalleled success. Two continents were divided, and the east and the west brought near together. No need now of "rounding the Cape," for a nearer and a safer route to India has been found. The Arabs, with their dusky camels, seem well fitted for the desert, and here and there they are seen removing sand and earth to make a way for the commerce of Europe and Asia. Here and there the desert also blossoms as the rose, a fit type of this desert world when it shall have changed its garment for the celestial robe of the King of kings. C. R. HAGER.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR PRIZE ESSAYS.

The trustees of the United Society of Christian Endeavor had placed in their hands the sum of \$525, to be offered as prizes for the best essays on the subjects given below. The essays were to be published under a fictitious name, and in any religious paper that would open its columns to them, the printed essays to be sent to the judges appointed, and the correct name and address of the writer to remain in possession of the edi-

tor until the decision of the judges was communicated to him. The task of carefully examining the essays has been completed, and we append the decision of the judges. We extend our congratulations to the successful essayists, and also desire to thank the multitude of others whose contributions added so much to the interest and success of this contest, and to the editors who so generously opened the columns of their papers to the essays.

On topic No. 1, "How can Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor in each local church best promote and stimulate the systematic benevolence of young people for the missions of their own denomination?" the first prize, of one hundred dollars, was awarded to "A Worker," whose name and address has not yet been received, and whose essay was published in *The Christian Standard*, of Cincinnati, O.; the second prize of fifty dollars, to "Malachi iii: 10," Rev. J. F. Tainter, Rochester, Minn., whose essay was published in *The Northwestern Congregationalist*, of Minneapolis, Minn.; the third prize, of twenty-five dollars, to "Wheeler," Rev. S. W. Pratt, Campbell, N. Y., whose essay was published in *The New York Evangelist*. The judges were Professor W. W. Andrews, Rev. Geo. H. Wells, D.D., and Rev. C. A. Dickinson.

On topic No. 2, "How can Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor best promote the introduction of religious journals and other wholesome reading into the families of the congregation with which they are connected?" the first prize, of one hundred dollars, was awarded to "Prudentia," Rev. A. W. McLeod, Ph.D., Thorburn, N. S., whose essay was published in *The Presbyterian Review*, of Toronto, Ont.; the second prize of fifty dollars, to "Christian Endeavor," Rev. Charles A. Cook, Bloomfield, N. J., whose essay was published in *The Examiner*, of New York City; the third prize, of twenty-five dollars, to "T. W. B.," Miss Bertha W. Tucker, Baltimore, Md., whose essay was published in *The Episcopal Methodist*, of Baltimore, Md. The judges were Rev. T. S. Hamlin, D.D., Rev. W. H. McMillen, D.D., and Rev. R. L. Swain, Ph.D.

On topic No. 3, "The Christian Endeavor Society: its adaptation to all denominations in promoting (a) the fellowship of young Christians, (b) their allegiance to their own church, (c) their activity in all branches of Christian effort," the first prize, of one hundred dollars, was awarded to C. E. "Friend," Rev. P. A. Ordell, D.D., New London, Conn., whose essay was published in *The Christian Secretary*, of Hartford, Conn.; the second prize, of fifty dollars, to "Mary B. Preston," Julia M. Terhune, Brooklyn, N. Y., whose essay was published in *The Christian at Work*, of New York City; the third prize of twenty-five dollars, to "Spoudazo," Rev. H. F. Shupe, Braddock, Penn., whose essay was published in *The Religious Telescope*, of Dayton, O. The judges were Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D.D., Rev. H. C. Farrar, D.D., and Rev. R. W. Brokaw.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Prayer-Meeting Topic for Week Beginning Dec. 20, 1891.

BY REV. DR. W. D. WILLIAMS.

Subject.—Lovest thou me? (John xxi: 15-22.)

Peter's character was severely tested, and he sadly fell. The resurrected Redeemer appears, and exhibits his forgiving pardon. He "blotted out, as a thick cloud," Peter's transgressions, and remembers them no more against him. Peter had been tried as the earthquake tries the building, as the storm tries the pilot, as the touchstone tries the metal, as the furnace tries the gold, and had been found wanting. Forgiveness, reconciled, strengthened, he resumes his place with the Master, who lifts him up to a still higher joy by giving him something to do—"Feed my sheep." He was ever afterward a nobler, greater man. The crushed olive yields oil, a smitten rock gave the Israelites water, and the broken, contrite heart of Simon Peter became rich in holiness and successful in service.

(I Pet. i: 6, 7, 8; I John ii: 15; Deut. xiii: 3; Ps. v: 11.)

Peter was a backslider—restored. He could say, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." And the Master gave him gracious encouragement in the words, "Follow me," and promised him also the honor of a martyr's crown: "When thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not." As if the Lord had withdrawn the curtain which veils futurity, and said, "Peter, look!" and then he drew the curtain again; "Follow me, notwithstanding." If the morning-glory were endowed with consciousness, as it is with life, and knew what it was coming to—one of the most exquisite of delicate blossoms—it would rejoice in its apparently tedious winding round and round to attain its blooming glory. Young Christians may have to endure much, they may undergo patient growth for a series of years, with now and then a lapse, but the crowning day will come by-and-by, perhaps in this life, when the Master shall say, "Feed my lambs"; or, surely, in the life to come, when he will say, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; thou enter into the joys of thy Lord." (Rom. viii: 17-19; Ephes. iii: 17-19; Ps. xlviii: 12; I John iii: 16.)

"Lovest thou me?" was asked of Peter three times, consecutively. A simple but searching question. The lesson will be lost to us, unless we try to place ourselves in the place of the apostle and imagine that Christ may be asking us the same question. We should neither try to deceive God nor ourselves. We shall fail in both, if we try. Christ should be the supreme and fixed object of our love. There can be no real return for love except love. A skilled modeller may take a bit of wax, and work it to resemble a rose; but it is wax, after all. The only way of getting a rose is by planting the root from which it is to grow; and so the only way in which we can make a real return is to possess love within.

"Sick or healthy, slave or free, Wealthy, or despised and poor— What is that to him or thee, So his love to Christ endure? When the shore is won at last, Who will count the billows past?" (Ps. cxix: 73; John xv: 9-11; I John iii: 1, 2.)

We love Christ though he is not visible to us. But his work, his words and his spirit are evident to us in daily mercies, the fellowship of the church, the dwelling within us of his spirit. A father loves his child, but it is not that which he can see and embrace that he loves most; it is the disposition, the nature, the soul of the child, which he loves, and that is invisible. In loving Christ we only do what we are doing every day—loving that which we cannot see, nor our hands handle.

Love for Christ should be cultivated. No power can make us love anything. We may conquer a boy's will and make him do our bidding. But we cannot compel him to love us. God has power to punish us, but mere omnipotence cannot make us love him. "We love him because he first loved us." Love is the free-will offering of the heart. No suffering is too great, no burden too heavy, no self-denial too hard for the heart of love. This love will show itself not only in words, but in loving deeds. Some of the best talking Christians are poor workers, while some of the quietest come nearest His example—they do what others talk of doing. "Feed my lambs" is the Divine command. This world will not be converted by feeding elephants and giraffes—the powerful and the tall. We are commanded to "feed"—constant faithfulness. Not occasional blossoms, as of a century plants but continuous toil. The skies are not steadily lighted by comets, but by thousands of modest stars. Christ requires each in his station to shine, and each in his position to witness for him by conveying a blessing to some one else.

Every one may love the Christ, and show that love in deeds of love. "Love never faileth."

I love, I love my Master; I will not go out for He is my Redeemer; He paid the price for me. I will not leave his service, it is so sweet and blest, And in the weariest moments He gives the truest rest.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, San Francisco.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON FOR DEC. 27 JOHN XI: 4; XXI: 25.

"King of Kings and Lord of Lords—Hallelujah!"

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

We take up again our survey of the earthly life of the Incarnate Word. It differs from our former review, as the denouement of a tragedy differs from its earlier sections. In form this evangel is decidedly dramatic, more so than any which precedes it. And so, as it advances toward the climax, there is an acceleration of movement, and a massing of actors, until the end is reached.

We are studying it as a manifestation of the Father through the Incarnate Word. What have we learned during the three months past? 1. "The Life was manifested," first, in opposition to, and victory over death. The raising of Lazarus involved the most decisive counters, thus far, between the two opposing forces. Of all recorded triumphs, moreover, it stands second only to that in which the Lord of life himself burst the bars of death and went forth as victor. The death of Lazarus was indubitable. Everything in the narrative is adjusted to the demonstration of this—his death, the delay of Jesus, his own declaration, the burial, the sister's grief and protestations, the mourners, and the events at the grave. It was no case of suspended animation, it was death. Equally manifest is the love which moved our Lord in this spontaneous act; the general what he will be to them (xvi: 26; xvi: 26). Now in greater detail he reports in promise (xvi: 7); tells them how he will work in worldly hearts to produce conviction of sin, and hope in the divine mercy; how he will thus draw wayward children back to the Father whom they have lost sight of, and to that blessed home which they have forsaken (V: 8-11); how he will then abide with believing disciples until the duty and the honor of being his own witnesses—an honor which they will share with the Comforter.

6. Already he has spoken to them of this Comforter—who he is, whence he comes, and the general what he will be to them (xvi: 26; xvi: 26). Now in greater detail he reports in promise (xvi: 7); tells them how he will work in worldly hearts to produce conviction of sin, and hope in the divine mercy; how he will thus draw wayward children back to the Father whom they have lost sight of, and to that blessed home which they have forsaken (V: 8-11); how he will then abide with believing disciples until the duty and the honor of being his own witnesses—an honor which they will share with the Comforter.

7. Still standing, his eyes turn from the disciples to the Father, and all he had spoken to them as counsel is taken up and poured forth as prayer. His own yearning for the glory of saving lost men, their need of guidance, of protection and inspiration; the passing over of his own deep joy into their experience; their unity in God and in each other; the demonstration, for the world, of their standing with himself in the Father's love; their companionship and their share in all his own glory. What a prayer that was! The like of it no human can ever listen to, before or since! And what a rock of strength for every struggling soul! Jesus Christ has prayed for you, brother man! Has prayer? Is praying; for that intercessory prayer is the type of the continued heavenly prayer. Therefore he is able to save you to the uttermost. (Heb. vii: 25.)

8. Forth from that hallowed room the King of love now leads out his followers. He "went forth," as the Incarnate Son, to battle with treachery, with inconsistency, and with hate. First conquering his own fear (Heb. v: 7), he then confronts the traitor's band, and by the

simple majesty of his word fells them to the ground, provides as their sovereign for the disciples, repairs Peter's blunder, and gives himself into the hands of his enemies, that they may wreak upon him their uttermost vengeance.

9. He is questioned by Annas; he stands before the Sanhedrin; listens while the boldest of his disciples denies with oaths all connections with him; is mocked and abused, is dragged before Pilate, hurried across the city to Herod, and back again under an additional load of obloquy; is scourged, derided, insulted in every way conceivable by brutal minds; hears the maniac mock cry out for his blood—that people to whose welfare his whole life had been devoted; and then is nefariously given over into their hands by the man who represents governmental justice, and who has repeatedly declared him guilty of wrong! To such humiliation was he exposed, and through that humiliation was he declared the true Master of the situation! It was the judgment of his accusers. It was the triumph of goodness. It was the condemnation of the man who did not dare to do right; who, set for the maintenance of justice, disgracefully broke down at every point. O Pilate, how pitiable you seem, with basin and water, seeking to rid yourself of that infamy which will forever attach to your name! Alas, it was the nemesis of a guilty past which pursued the Roman governor, and struck its darts deep in his cringing soul—the same avenger who stands behind every cowardly wrong-doer, and exacts the penalty of outraged virtue!

But all this is but the foil to the incomparable glory of our King. How grand he is amid all this warring selfishness! How appropriate a symbol the scoffing soldiers, all unconsciously, set forth when they threw around that sacred form the ragged cloak, and put into his hand the ignominious reed! What were earth's most regal trappings but rags and tinsel to him who had laid aside the splendors of heaven! The magnificence of an Oriental court heaped upon him would seem but some artist's effort, with paint and brush, to outshine the sun; yet it might have blinded the eyes of some. Was it not well, then, through such symbolism to let the glory of God's Anointed shine out?

10. All is prepared for the sacrificial "lifting up"; and the king goes out "as for his coronation." Ministers of religion, officers of the state, and a throng in which are represented all classes of society, accompany him. Upon his shoulder he bears the symbol of his government (Is. li: 6); the cross, who—no shame to suffering—are the steps to his Messianic throne. As the glorious King he is, he ascends that throne; and all the worlds he speaks before the occasion. Pilate was divinely guided when he wrote that title. And it was fitting, too, that representatives of earth's sin and misery should be lifted upon either side, that the jeering crowd should fling their taunts, and the brutal soldiers gamble for his poor possessions. It was just a picture of that sinful world into which he had come for its redemption. It was an object lesson in which the nature and the possibilities of human sin were set forth. It manifested, too, his own weakness with that guilty race, and gave prevailing voice to that prayer for its recovery, which the sacrifice expressed. It showed God's heart, and shed new light upon sovereignty, then, as now, so grievously misunderstood. God's sovereignty, all true sovereignty, is thereby declared to mean love, and burden bearing, and service and forgiveness even more than authority. Thus it began to be recovered, and even there that the sovereignty of the Incarnate Son underlain his sacrifice, and from the cross his drawing of human hearts began (Matt. xxvii: 54; John xix: 38).

From the sacrificial throne he was borne by loyal hands to a couch, in the heart of that earth, the government of which had been placed upon his shoulder. With royal honors his bed was made; with gentle and courteous service these loving ministries. Then he slept. 11. He arose. Like one awakening in the morning, He threw off the robes of night, and went forth in strength. He did it by his own inherent energy. He did it by the power of the Father, through the Holy Spirit. It was the crowning triumph of the Incarnate Son. It set the seal of God upon the charter of redemption. It confirmed all his claims, and repeated in world-wide tones, the heavenly voice "This is my beloved Son; hear him." It identified him with the Jewish Messiah, harmonizing the apparently irreconcilable features. It justified the heathen world's yearnings for a deliverer, and held him to view as the "desire of all nations," "the living one, dead, and behold he is alive forevermore." It answered the question, "If a man die shall he live again?" It planted around the grave the flowers of undying hopes, and put underneath every mourning heart consolations neither few nor small. It brought the new birth also within the scope of human apprehension. It laid the foundation for a spiritual affiliation with Jesus and his essential experiences of his death and of his resurrection (Rom. vi: 4-11; I Thess. iv: 14). And thus it disclosed the unity of life and its fountain, in the Eternal Son (I: 4).

12. Did it accomplish all this? And can the Nazarene Lord be to his followers what the Man of Nazareth was to his disciples? The manifestations of the forty days between the resurrection and the ascension, seem designed to set these questions at rest. They showed him alive. Mary Magdalene saw him, talked with him and touched him. So did the other women. So did all the apostles. They saw him under the most varying circumstances, and the result of all was an unalterable conviction, that he who was dead is alive forevermore, and has the keys of death and of Hades. They believed this so firmly that they maintained it in the face of cruel accusations, that they associated themselves in Christian churches, and accepted the day of the resurrection as their sacred day.

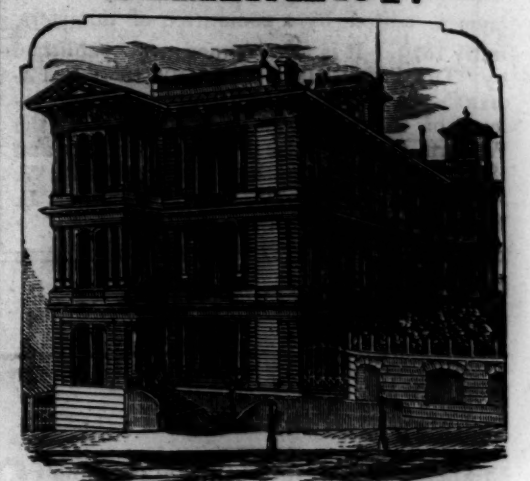
But they were also led out and up from their thoughts of Jesus as the limited friend of earlier days. They were able to think of him as a spiritual and universal presence, to adore him as the Eternal Son, and to realize his all-reaching helpfulness. Thus, while their intercourse became more reverent, it also became sweeter and more beneficent. And thus it has descended to us as our heritage in Christ.

Harriet Hosmer's statue of Queen Isabella will represent the queen as stepping down from her throne to present Columbus with her jewels. It has been denied that the queen did anything of the kind, but the story is gratifying, and the statue will be at least a specimen of fine art from the hands of a woman, worthy a place in the World's Fair.

The missionaries of the Church Missionary Society in North India express some anxiety in regard to the state of the native congregations. They say that there is too often a deficiency in vigor and aggressiveness, and if European supervision is withdrawn a tendency manifests itself to lapse into spiritual coldness and lax discipline.

To act with common sense according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know; and the best philosophy is to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it whatever it is, and to despise affectation.—Walpole.

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The gentleness, the grace,
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The infantile embrace!
All babyhood he holdeth,
All motherhood enfoldeth,
Yet who hath seen his face?

Oh, the nearness of the Christ-child,
When, for a sacred space,
He nestles in our very homes—
Light of the human race!
We know him and we love him,
No man to us need prove him—
Yet who hath seen his face?

—Exchange.

Christmas Bells.

O happy bells! through coming years
We hear, in your glad ringing,
The message still of peace, good-will,
All jarring discords blending.
O bells of God! ring on, our souls
To grander action nerve,
Till all our days are Christmas days
Of living and of saving.

—Exchange.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE OF JOHN BALFOUR, BANKER.

BY U. S. PARSONS.

CHAPTER II.

That afternoon John Balfour, at the hour of closing, stepped behind the bronze railing surrounding the vault of the banking house of which he was President, and opening steel box "C" took from it a worn and time-stained envelope. From the envelope he drew a faded piece of paper. He glanced half timidly at the envelope, closed the box, and turned away.

Darkness was slowly settling down over the city, and objects in the banking room cast their long, dim shadows over the floor. The measured click of the clock and the noise of the janitor's feet, as he moved from place to place, were the only sounds heard in the room that a few hours before had echoed with the hum of many voices, and the tramp of many feet.

"A grand, good man is Balfour," said Johnson, the janitor, half aloud, as the straight, well-knit figure of the banker disappeared from view. A fine fellow, if he is a Protestant, and a Methodist one at that."

But let us leave the janitor to his meditations and accompany the banker home.

Some men live in the past; some live for the future; others exist in no serious thought of either. John Balfour, while not a member of the small set of ascetics, was a man who believed the happiest days of his life were behind him. The kindest and most benevolent of men, and a constant recipient of that feeling of satisfaction that comes to every man who believes in deeds of kindness, there was, nevertheless, something in the generous, open-hearted nature of the banker that caused him to look forward with indifference, to look backward with a longing.

As he stepped from his carriage at the gate of his suburban home, and walked up the long avenue to the house, it needed no keen observer to discover that he was troubled in mind. There on one side was a majestic tree that, in summer, had shaded the veranda from the hot, afternoon sun. Its branches were utterly bare.

One solitary leaf! brown and sear, alone of all the glorious host of summer rested between two branches. A gust of wind seized it, lifted it aloft, and down it fell at Balfour's feet. He looked troubled, and recoiled from it as from a snake.

That night he sat alone in his comfortable library before a cheerful fire with a paper on his knee. A moment later a caller was announced, and Johnson, the janitor of the bank, was ushered in. "Ah, Johnson," said Balfour, "what brings you here?" "I supposed you were home an hour ago."

"Why, sir, my duties keep me until this hour every night."

"Oh, I see you have called for an increase in salary." "I'll recommend you at the next board meeting."

"Thank you, sir, but that was not my reason for calling. In moving about the bank after you left I found this letter," said he, producing the envelope.

"Thank you, Johnson," said the banker, with a grave look, "I missed it soon after my departure. By the way, to-morrow is Christmas, Johnson." "Christmas!" repeated Balfour, in a melancholy monotone.

"It's a going to be a happy day for you, sir," said the janitor, returning a remark.

"Aye, I hope so, Johnson, but I haven't spent a thoroughly happy Christmas day for many, many years. It's about too late for me to realize any joy in its annual return. Were you and I to change places, Johnson, perhaps we would both enjoy it more keenly. I am a bachelor, Johnson, and a bachelor has no place in Christmas merry-making."

"If I was to change around with you, sir," said Johnson, with a beaming face, "I would do what I have often wondered you have not been doing."

"What is that, Johnson?" said Balfour, curiously.

"This Jack would take a Jill, sir, sure as you're a foot high, sir," answered the sturdy Johnson, running his long fingers through his red beard.

"That would be quite proper, Johnson," replied Balfour, good-naturedly. "Now, wish your wife and the little ones a merry Christmas for me, and take this," said he, passing a double eagle into the hand of the honest employe, as the latter returned to go.

With a glow of gratitude on his healthy face, the janitor started for his home.

On the piece of paper within the worn envelope were these words: "It will thrive as you thrive. It will die when you die."

The fire has died down. The banker places the letter on the library table and leaves the room.

Twenty years before John Balfour left his native village. It was Christmas eve, and the sun was slowly sinking in the west, as he walked for the last time through the streets and lanes of his home. Fearful had been the ravages of an insidious disease that had swept hundreds of his fellow townsmen into untimely graves. He felt that keen regret that will creep over the stoutest heart when one is about to be separated from the scenes of happy boyhood days.

Not unlike many young men before and since, he had a favorite in the village, and he sought her out to bid her farewell. Perhaps there came to his mind thoughts of future prosperity and greatness. Perhaps she, now alone in the world, indulged in fond dreams of success for him in his new home beyond the sea. As he turned to leave that night she handed him a small plant and bade him plant it wherever he made his home, that he might be constantly reminded of her wish—that he should grow up into a strong, symmetrical manhood. He accepted the strange gift, and, for her sake, promised to do as she wished.

The sky had cleared when he stepped out and the moon was just appearing above the horizon. It was necessary for him to walk down a long lane, and as he turned a corner that shut out his view of the house he had just left, an aged woman stepped in front of him, placed one hand familiarly on his shoulder and with the other thrust a sealed envelope into his hand. She said nothing, turned the corner and was soon out of sight. He thrust the letter into his coat pocket and thought no more of it until Christmas day, when many a mile was between him and his old home. He opened the letter and read the contents: "It will thrive as you thrive. It will die when you die." Puzzled as he was to know the meaning of the strange lines, he nevertheless conceived them to be a hoax gotten up by the village boys. He tried to dismiss the thought from his mind, not however without a firm resolve to plant the tiny tree as she had requested. We will not follow him in his journey to his new home. Here, in the great city that felt the results of his talent and enterprise in after years, he made his home. His tree outgrew the box in which it was kept, and he planted it at a great distance from the town on a pleasant knoll overlooking a beautiful section of country. There he left it to the mercy of wind and weather. Year after year it grew, larger and more beautiful each year. As it grew in size and beauty, John Balfour grew in wealth and influence. Years had brought prosperity to him; they had brought sadness too. Letters from his old home came no more, and all traces of home and friends were lost. He bought the land on which the tree grew and built his home there, with fond hopes that he now never expected to realize.

Twenty years had slipped away, and the tree and the man had both grown in symmetry and strength in accordance with the earnest prayer of her, now gone from him forever. What would he not have given to realize the hopes of his early manhood! "It will thrive as you thrive." "It will die when you die." How true had been the first prophecy! Would the latter be as accurate in its forecast of the future? Who can tell?

The Irish gardener, employed for many years on the Balfour grounds, told a strange story to the effect that long ago, when Mr. Balfour was sick in the early summer time, the tree, vigorous with branches covered with a glorious green host, appeared unhealthy, and, as the banker grew worse, the leaves began to fade and fall. After a long and severe illness the banker recovered, and, though late in the summer, the tree took on a new life of vigor and promise.

But this was only an idle story by a superstitious servant who had long ago learned the tale of the tree from the banker himself.

(To be continued.)

A HANDSOME SOUL.

One day a boy, who was taking his first lesson in the art of sliding down hill, found his feet in too close contact with a lady's silk dress. Mortified and confused, he sprang from his sled, and, cap in hand, commenced an apology.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; I am very sorry."

"Never mind that," exclaimed the lady. "There is no great harm done, and you feel worse about it than I do."

"But your dress is ruined. I thought you would be angry with me for being so careless."

"Oh, no," she replied; "better to have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper."

"Oh, what a beauty," exclaimed the lad, as the lady passed on.

"Who, that lady?" returned his comrade. "If you call her a beauty, you shan't choose for me. Why, she is old, and her face is wrinkled!"

"I don't care if her face is wrinkled," replied the other; "her soul is handsome, anyhow."

A shout of laughter followed, from which he was glad to escape. Relating the incident to his mother, he said: "O mother, that lady did me good. I shall never forget it; and when I am tempted to get mad, I will think of what she said: 'Better to have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper.'—S. W. Christian Advocate.

GIFTS FOR INVALIDS.

A very small thing of beauty that will be a pleasant sight for an invalid's eyes while it lasts is a carrot or sweet-potato hollowed out on the inside to leave a wall about three quarters of an inch thick. The vegetable is suspended by cords passed through holes pierced in the sides, and the cavity filled with water. In a few days upturning sprays of green will sprout from the bottom and cover the outside, and if a small bunch of violets is put in the little quaint hanging basket, it will have a charming appearance.

A pretty little thing to leave on a sick friend's table is a plant saucer, with three pine cones standing upright in the center. The arrangement of sticks or hair-pins, by which you compel them to assume and maintain an erect position, may be concealed by a mat of real moss. There should also be a layer of sand in the bottom of the dish. Grain or grass seed should be scattered over the cones, and if the saucer is kept full of water the seeds will sprout and show a beautiful tender green, in fine contrast to the rich brown of the cones.

It is such a pleasure to watch green things growing that either of these simple gifts is an aid to pass the weary hours. Even a finger-bowl with a thin layer of cotton sprinkled with flaxseed, which grows and lives for a while on such nourishment as it drains from the water beneath, is a cheerful, pretty decoration for a sick-room.

For a friend who is too feeble to sit at a desk or table to write, it would be a pleasant task to fit up a writing tablet which can be used when one is in a reclining position, and which offers facilities for storing writing implements, notes and the other et ceteras that an invalid dislikes to be always asking other people to procure for her use.

The foundation is a seasoned pine board twenty-five inches long by twenty-one broad. This is covered with felt, which upon three sides hangs over the edge, and is supplied with flat pockets to hold letters. The front of each pocket is cut into a point, which buttons down to protect the contents. Across each end of the board are straps and superimposed flat pockets to hold pens, pencils, stamps, cards, and envelopes. Of course these conveniences must not invade the space needed for writing. A leather-covered traveler's inkstand, with a strong spring in the cover to prevent spilling of ink, can be firmly glued on one upon corner, and a pen tray and stamp box on the other corner. A row of brass-headed nails should be put all around the edge of the board, and the straps and pockets can be fastened on with smaller brass nails. The valances with the buttoned-down pockets can be folded over the top when the writing board is not in use.—From Harper's Bazar.

THE DEAREST OF ALL HOLIDAYS.

Those who are anxious about the fate of Christmas, whether it is not becoming too worldly and too expensive a holiday to be indulged in except by the very poor, mark with pleasure any indications that the true spirit of the day—brotherhood and self-abnegation and charity—is infusing itself into modern society. The sentimental Christmas of thirty years ago could not last; in time the manufactured jollity got to be more tedious and a greater strain on the feelings than any misfortune happening to one's neighbor. Even for a day it was very difficult to buzz about in the cheery manner prescribed, and the reaction put human nature in a bad light. Nor was it much better when gradually the day became one of Great Expectations, and the sweet spirit of it was quenched in worry or soured in disappointment. It began to take on the aspect of a great lottery, in which one class expected to draw in reverse proportion to what it put in, and another class knew that it would only reap as it had sowed. The day, blessed in its origin, and meaningless if there is a grain of selfishness in it, was thus likely to become a sort of clearing-house of all obligations, and assume a commercial aspect that took the heart out of it—like the enormous receptions for paying social debts which take the place of the old-fashioned hospitality. Everybody knew, meantime, that the spirit of good-will, the grace of universal sympathy, was really growing in the world, and that it was only our awkwardness, by striving to cram it all for a year into twenty-four hours, made it seem a little farcical. And everybody knows that when goodness becomes fashionable, goodness is likely to suffer a little. A virtue overdone falls on 't'other side. And a holiday that takes on such proportions that the Express companies and the Post-office cannot handle it is in danger of a collapse. In consideration of these things, and because as has been pointed out year after year, Christmas is becoming a burden, the load of which is looked forward to with apprehension—and back on with nervous prostration—fear has been expressed that the dearest of all holidays in Christian lands would have to go again under a sort of Puritan protest, or into a retreat for rest and purification.—Ex.

Friend—So yours was a case of love at first sight? Mrs. Getthere—Yes, indeed! I fell desperately in love with my dear husband the moment I set eyes upon him. I remember it as distinctly as if it were yesterday. I was walking with papa on the beach at Long Branch, when suddenly papa stopped, and, pointing him out, said, "There, my dear, is a man worth ten millions."—New York Weekly.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Probably the most unique argument ever made for the prohibition of the liquor traffic was contained in a petition sent to the commissioners of the District of Columbia this week, signed by 140 inmates of the work-house, asking that no more liquor license be granted here. This petition, which is, as far as I know, the first of its kind, is worthy of a wide circulation, so I will not apologize for quoting it: "We, the undersigned citizens of the United States, temporarily residing in the Washington City Asylum, commonly called the work-house, would respectfully but most earnestly pray your honors not to grant any more liquor licenses. We have been informed from our own observations, that the curse of the Lord Almighty rests upon the drunkard, and woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him and make him drunken. It is our earnest desire to overcome the shame and disgrace to which intoxicating drink has, directly or indirectly, brought us, and to again become worthy and law-abiding citizens. To this end we ask for honest employment and fair wages, and that all places of licensed temptation and rum may be forever banished from the capitol of our nation. We therefore beseech you to aid us by granting this, our prayer."

Secretary Foster has been confined to his room ever since his recent trip to New York city, and it is not thought that he will be able to resume his duties this week. His physician says he has a well-developed case of *la grippe*, which was so prevalent here a year ago.

The annual report of the Secretary of the Interior, made public this week, is a very interesting document. It shows that the General Land Office is for the first time in many years almost up to date with its work; that the Indian Bureau is accomplishing the disintegration of the Indian reservations, the severance of tribal relations, and the education of the Indian youth; it tells much about the workings of the Pension Bureau, which disburses more than one-fourth of our national income; it tells something of the work of the Geological Survey in the irrigation of the arid lands in the far West and Southwest; it says that the Railroad Bureau is preparing for the maturity of the debts due the government from the Union Pacific and other subsidized railroads; that the Bureau of Education has distributed the fund allowed the various State Agricultural Colleges, and is now engaged in planning for the accumulation and distribution of information for these schools and for bettering their management; and that the Patent Office, which this year celebrated its centennial, is advancing in the volume and variety of its investigations. It also has something to say of the Yellowstone National Park, Yosemite National Park, the Sequoia National Park and the Hot Springs of Arkansas, all of which are under the jurisdiction of the Secretary of the Interior.

The Justices of the United States Supreme Court are nearly all connected with the faculty of some of our colleges. Justice Brown, the baby of the court, that is to say, the newest member, has joined the faculty of Georgetown University, and this week delivered the first of a series of lectures on "Admiralty Law."

The Supreme Court this week heard the arguments in the three cases attacking the constitutionality of the present tariff law. For convenience, the three cases were heard as one, although it is expected that separate decisions will be handed down. One of these cases is based on the ground that the sugar bounty clause of the law invalidates it; one that the reciprocity clause is a delegation of the taxing power to the President, and therefore unconstitutional, and the other that the omission of the tobacco rebate section from the bill as signed by the President makes void the whole.

A Bible is used regularly in the Sunday-school of one of our churches that, on account of the manner in which it was presented to the Sunday-school, should be valued more than if its leaves and binding were pure gold thickly studded with diamonds. A little girl, the daughter of a family whose acquaintance with poverty is too familiar to be altogether comfortable, and a scholar of the Sunday-school mentioned, was taken sick. No one supposed that she was in any danger. One day she called one of the family and said with much earnestness: "If I should die I wish you to take the money in my little bank and buy a big Bible for our Sunday-school; we have never had one since I have been going there." The child died, and the family took her savings and purchased a handsome Bible, which was duly presented to the Sunday-school, in the name of its dead scholar. Isn't that a valuable Bible?

The Evangelical Alliance of this city, at its annual meeting held Monday evening, issued a call to the local churches for the observance of a week of prayer from January 3 to 10, 1892.

"Well," said a teacher in one of our public schools, to a bright, persistent scholar in a grammar class, "if you are sure matrimony is an adjective, will you compare it?" "Brother Tom, who has just got married, says it can't be compared to anything in the world," rattled off the scholar. "Then compare it by the rule," insisted the teacher, quite good-naturedly. "Positive, Miss," said the scholar; "comparative, Mr.; superlative, Mrs."—Unidentified Exchange.

CONGREGATIONAL DIRECTORY. CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRST CHURCH—Southeast corner Post and Mason streets. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH—Post street, between Buchanan and Webster. Rev. W. D. Williams, D.D., Pastor; residence, 1719 Post street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-schools at 9:30 A. M. and 12:30 P. M.; Christian Endeavor, 6:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

THIRD CHURCH—South side Fifth street, between Valencia and Mission. Rev. F. B. Pullan, Pastor; residence, 117 Capp street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

FOURTH CHURCH—South side Green street, between Stockton and Powell streets. Rev. H. H. Wilkoff, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

BETHANY CHURCH—Bartlett street, near Twenty-sixth street. Rev. W. C. Pond, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Chinese school, 6:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

OLIVET CHURCH—Southwest corner Seventeenth and Noe streets. Rev. H. Hammond Cole, Pastor; residence, 309 Sanchez street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Young People's Meeting, 6:45 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

SWEDISH CHURCH—538 Jessie street, between Sixth and Seventh streets. Rev. C. Anderson, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school, 9:30 A. M. Prayer-meeting, Tuesday and Thursday, 8 P. M.

OCEAN VIEW UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—Broad avenue, near Capital street. Sunday preaching by Rev. J. B. Eddie, pastor, at 11 A. M. Sunday-school, 12:15 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Friday, 8 P. M.

PILGRIM CHAPEL—Edinburgh, near Persia street. Sunday-school at 2:30 P. M. John H. Kemp, Superintendent.

SEVENTH AVENUE CHAPEL—Corner Seventh and Clement avenues. Rev. J. B. Eddie, Pastor. Sunday-school at 2 P. M. F. K. Houston, Supt. Sunday preaching at 7:30 P. M.

PIERCE-STREET CHAPEL—Northwest corner Pierce and Green streets. David M. Gove, Superintendent. Sunday-school, 3 P. M.

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Wednesday, December 16, 1891.

AN OBJECT LESSON BY INDIANS.

That experiment made by that English layman, William Duncan, among the Indians of our northwest America, has always been of special interest to us. The story of its early stages from 1860 to the time when, four years ago, he felt compelled to ask the United States Government to grant him and his Indians a tract for settlement in Alaska, has been often told. He had created out of savages an orderly, industrious, and Christian community. As he could not be allowed to carry on his work in British Columbia according to his own convictions, his influence was so great that his Indian wards were willing to leave the old Metlakahla, and break ground new in Alaska. Where then was a wild forest is now, and made in this short time, a happy and prosperous settlement. The land has been cleared; houses for nearly a thousand people have been erected; streets graveled and side-walked. There is a salmon warehouse, a saltery, storehouse and saw-mill, with no poor-house nor jail. A large church building has been erected by the Indians, and a school-house. There is a native band which gives concerts from a platform near the beach, the platform being like that one sees at the mammoth tree grove, made from the immense stump of an Alaskan tree. With these and many other interesting particulars given in one of our Eastern exchanges by a member of Congress, who in August last visited the colony, he adds the following incident. It is not often that a steamer passes this town. This steamer went up on purpose to take on board the salmon caught and salted there. The captain went on shore for his freight, but not a man would stir; it was Sunday. Mr. Duncan was urged; perhaps it would not be uncharitable to add that he was urged by oaths. He was threatened; for the steamer would go off and leave the salmon; besides, the ship was overdue. But it was of no avail; all the people went to religious service—the forenoon service being conducted by Mr. Duncan, and the afternoon wholly by Indians. Only three white people live in the place. The aim of the founder and guide of this community is to train the people, so that when he has done his work they may carry it forward themselves.

So the Sunday passed. But at 12 o'clock, midnight, the Indians opened the warehouse, went to work with a will, and by daylight, which comes early in those latitudes, the steamer, compelled for once to keep the Sabbath, was on its way.

The President's message was read, it is reported, to a rather empty house. Well, it is rather long and prosy. This is so, because the routine part of it deals with prosy subjects. All the reports of "departments" should be sent to Congress with each a special message of its own, and none of these things should lumber up the general message, that might then limit itself to such matters as, in the view of the President, were calling urgently for the action of the Congress. When this message comes to them, it affords interesting reading. Its positions are well taken, from the Republican point of view, and some of them handsomely and courageously taken. When he takes pains—as with some of his speeches—our President can be able and adroit, with a fine diction, and his rhetoric well wrought up. We heartily wish that message-writing could become an art, with ring and swing, and roll and power, and flash and splendor in it; so that every declaiming boy, and every specimen reader, would be anxious to quote from the latest one, and let the war speeches, and the nullification speeches have a long rest. In his message President Harrison reasons fairly and wisely against the new departure of choosing Presidential electors by the Congressional districts, as revolutionary and not evolutionary. It would concentrate political scheming upon the shaping of districts, and then upon the doubtful districts, without appealing to entire States, and to the masses of the voters. It would result in renewing the

sort of conflict which occurred when Hayes and Tilden were the rival candidates. No; the body of voters for electors should be differently disposed, and distributed from the same voters when engaged in the election of Congressmen. Our security lies in appealing to the same voters, but variously classified and in differing combinations.

Bersier, the greatest of all modern pulpit orators in France, has said: "There is something which every Christian can understand, even the most illiterate, the most insignificant, the most obscure. God has remembered him; God has redeemed him; God wills to make him sharer of an eternal glory; that is enough to make him forever triumph over the besetment of the scepticism which assumes to crush him by telling him that he is nothing." The Psalmist gives even a higher authority to a sentiment of this sort, when he says, "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me." We are so apt to suppose the Divine Being like ourselves in this, that he must concern himself far more with things large than with things small, and then to suppose that the same things we call large are great things also with God, that we begin to adjust God's affairs for him, just according to the poor estimates of our littleness. When we look through the telescope, "the solitudes of the infinite spaces terrify us." When we look through the microscope at the details of thought, care, finish, skill and plan, through all the realms of the infinitely little, these equally astound and overwhelm us. Looking in one direction, then, we lose all sense of littleness, relatively. The earth trembles beneath our feet. We walk the world in a kind of infinite majesty. The grandeurs of the ages gather about our heads. And even the stars themselves seem somehow made for us. Let us take God's estimate of us, therefore, and not think of ourselves as mere forms of matter in the sole relations of space and time; with which things spiritual beings have few affinities.

It is wonderful how swiftly new measures run, and have their free course, and are glorified in our day. Electricity, as a motor and an illuminator, is made practicable one day, and the next year the world-traveler finds it carrying and lighting his path in the most distant parts of the earth. So, see how university extension, and college and seminary settlements are talked about and put in actual operation all at once in many lands! The other day the Andover House was set up in Boston, in which young men who wish to live right down among the poor and impart to them and learn from them, may have the opportunity. Andover is a city set on a hill, but Andover House is to be a Christian scholars' home, set right down in the thick and dense life of suffering humanity. In like manner our Congregational Seminary at Oxford, Eng., called Mansfield College, has established its Mansfield House with like intent. At the opening no less a publicist than Professor Bryce made the principal address, in which, though a churchman, he insisted that the free churches of England were, in important respects, specially adapted to inaugurate the desired union between culture and labor. In our own California, the present season witnesses a promising beginning in the same direction in the interest taken in the university courses of lectures now in progress in this city. Will there soon be a university settlement also?

The National Congress met last week, and was duly organized in both branches the second day. In the House of Representatives, Crisp of Georgia was chosen speaker. He led the side of caution and conservatism, while Mills, the defeated aspirant to the place, led the side of boldness and aggression. Free trade is therefore for the present to be abandoned, and "tariff reform" is the watch-word. Free silver is not endorsed, and his rhetoric well wrought up. We heartily wish that message-writing could become an art, with ring and swing, and roll and power, and flash and splendor in it; so that every declaiming boy, and every specimen reader, would be anxious to quote from the latest one, and let the war speeches, and the nullification speeches have a long rest. In his message President Harrison reasons fairly and wisely against the new departure of choosing Presidential electors by the Congressional districts, as revolutionary and not evolutionary. It would concentrate political scheming upon the shaping of districts, and then upon the doubtful districts, without appealing to entire States, and to the masses of the voters. It would result in renewing the

should be more rapidly spread. Mails, passengers, and freight need to be speeded, and safely so, and all demoralizing pursuits and kinds of traffic need to be swept away.

Our reference last week to Dr. Thomas Hill as a representative of a type of Unitarians which is growing, unhappily, less, may be illustrated by the following lines which we find copied in an appreciative notice of Dr. Hill in the last *Christian Mirror* published in Portland. The poem has for its title "Lo, Nehustan," and that title was derived from II Kings xviii: 4. The students of our last International Sunday-school lesson will be reminded in the last stanza of Mary Magdalene's feeling in the thought of losing her Lord. That form of liberalism which takes from human worship supreme affection and obedience, and the Divine Redeemer, was to Dr. Hill as it is to the millions of the Christian world—a fell spoiler.

"They grieve my heart—these thoughtless men who try
To hide my Lord from eyes of dying men;
To shroud the world in heathen night again,
And drag the star of Bethlehem from the sky."
"They hold his majesty a vain pretense;
They snatch the royal scepter from his hand,
Deny his right to promise or command,
And barely own his human excellence."
"Therefore I weep like Mary, at His grave,
Because my Lord they have thus borne away,
To hide Him from the eyes of dying men.
Yet He has risen now as he had then;
Look up in faith! His light outshines the day;
His grace is still omnipotent to save."

The Grand Jury of this city and county, in session the last three months, from which so much was hoped in the way of exposing various corruptions and crookednesses in social, judicial and political circles, has been declared by the Supreme Court not legally constituted. If we understand it, this decision affirms that the appointment of an "elisor" is only a *demerit resort*, and can not be made at the discretion of the presiding judge. It can be resorted to only when the sheriff, for any reason, fails to make a drawing of a sufficient number of citizens from whom to make a selection for the jury. Illegal as it is declared to be, the moral power of this Grand Jury has been exceedingly lively. The next one will find some gate still open.

A terrible calamity came upon the people of Japan by the earthquake of October 28th, when about 90,000 houses were destroyed and 28,000 badly damaged; and nearly 8,000 persons were killed, and 10,000 injured. The American Minister to Japan, the Consul General and Admiral Belpap of the United States Navy, have joined in an appeal to the people of the United States to aid the sufferers. We shall be glad to forward any amounts to them, through our missionaries, which our benevolent people are willing to give at this Christmas time. Send gifts to THE PACIFIC, 7 Montgomery avenue, Box 2348, San Francisco, Cal.

THE ITINERANT PASTOR.

MR. EDITOR: I most heartily endorse the views and sentiments advanced in your issue of December 3d, under the heading—"To Relieve the Home Missionary Pressure." I am certain that the missionary appropriation to my field could be reduced \$150 the next year, if the American Home Missionary Society would commission a good man to labor in the capacities of general and financial missionary among our weaker churches. I trust that the Executive Missionary Committee, the Monday Club and others, will discuss the advisability of appointing to work in the directions suggested in the above letter, and thereby increase the financial and spiritual power of our weaker churches to a great extent. The heavy drafts made upon the Home Missionary Society would soon be reduced, and many of the struggling churches become self-sustaining by the employment of such an officer. If so, it would be a capital stroke in the line of economy. Brethren, let not this exceedingly important matter end here. Reconsider the contents of that article and push the matter vigorously.

J. A. T.

NEWS BREVITIES.

William D. Windom, a son of the late Secretary of the Treasury, has been appointed Chief of the Accounts Division in the Architect's Office, by Secretary Foster.

Des Moines, Ia., a city of 60,000 people, without an open saloon, has no vacant house or store, and its manufacturing products for 1890 exceed those of 1888 by more than 5,000,000.

To show the growth of the industry of furnishing knitting wool, it is only necessary to point out the fact that in Pennsylvania a single factory turns out 5,000,000 bundles a month.

Napoleon at 25 commanded the army of Italy. At 30 he was not only one of the most illustrious generals of the time, but one of the great law-givers of the world. At 46 he saw Waterloo.

NEWS FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH.

The Pacific Gospel Mission has just been organized in Los Angeles to reach out and endeavor to save the unevangelized in the city. Major George A. Hill, who has done such effective gospel and temperance work in Washington, D. C., and here, is superintendent. The directors, members of the different evangelical churches, are as follows: Lyman Stuart, E. B. Hays, W. W. Cocks, A. M. Armour, S. I. Merrill, H. W. Mills, George J. Binder, and D. M. McDonald. The plan is to do aggressive and earnest work for the crowds who are not reached by the churches, which are too willing to keep the laity by itself, instead of putting it into the mass of men. Thousands and tens of thousands among us are as far removed, practically, from salvation, as though an adamant wall encircled them as high as the clouds. We especially rejoice in the work of any men, or women, or any society which, in accordance with the Saviour's command, goes to the lost, and camps upon the stamping-ground of the wicked, seeking to save.

This winter promises to be fruitful in revival blessings. With great longing some of the pastors are preaching in a way to awaken the impenitent, and to lead them to Christ. Special meetings with cheering results have recently been held in Rev. Price's Bethlehem Mission, opposite the big Philadelphia brewery, and at Rev. J. H. Collins' church. Next week Rev. E. H. Bickford will give some of his crayon sermons at Pico Heights church. Would to God that the Holy Spirit's baptism might come down upon all of our communities and churches. "Then the eyes of the blind would be opened, and the ears of the deaf would be unstopped. The lame man would leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb would sing. Waters would break out in the wilderness and streams in the desert."

A severe wind-storm has visited Los Angeles county. Not much harm came to this city. But between three and four o'clock last Friday morning beautiful Pasadena felt the intensity of the gale. The spire of the Methodist church was blown over on to the roof, completely destroying it, doing damage to the extent, probably, of ten thousand dollars. The spire of the Presbyterian church across the street was blown outward, doing no injury to the rest of the building. The Christian church is wholly demolished. It had an indebtedness on it of \$1,700. The North Pasadena Congregational church, though not a costly structure, was wrecked. Shade trees and orange trees were destroyed all over the city. The rolls of tin roofing came down, unceremoniously, into the streets. The \$2,000 Presbyterian church of Ontario was ruined. Monrovia also suffered. We hear of only one life lost. Of course, all our disagreeable weather is very unusual. Laugh at this oft-repeated remark if you will; it is true, nevertheless. Such a wind-storm as this is almost as rare as white blackbirds.

On Forefathers' Day, December 21st, the Congregational Club of Southern California will have a meeting to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. Good speakers have been provided. The banquet will be furnished by the ladies of the First Congregational church. The hope is that the ministers and members of our churches, whether members of the club or not, will come to Los Angeles and strengthen fraternal ties and revive sacred memories.

Rev. Isaac W. Atherton has been called to be pastor of the churches at Spring Valley and Jamul. He was the first pastor of the First Congregational church of Los Angeles and also first pastor at Riverside. Owing to the new railroad and the nearness of the San Diego flume, Spring Valley is growing, and this year gives \$300—\$100 more than ever before—to the pastor's salary.

The new church at Moreno now enjoys the services of Rev. E. H. Pound of Crawford, Nebraska. This enterprise is growing. The pastor is a young man and is supported without the aid of the Home Missionary Society.

Rev. H. P. Case, the children's bishop, has been visiting Ventura and Satcoy. Mr. F. N. Merriam, a licentiate from Hartford Theological Seminary, has been called to the Ventura pastorate, and it is hoped that he will accept. Great business prosperity and new houses, and an increase of population, is reported from Satcoy. The new and neat Congregational church edifice will soon be dedicated. We well remember the good Pastor Pratt did among the Lord's poor and neglected ones in San Diego.

The Claremont people have already begun to talk about a church edifice. Six or eight promising young men have recently united with the church.

The Los Angeles Board of County Supervisors have passed a new saloon law which ordains that saloons shall be closed in the night after a certain hour, and also on the Sabbath. Seven hundred liquor men and their friends sent in a protest against the law. Upon this, about 400 people of Los Angeles and vicinity promptly petitioned the supervisors to ordain that the saloons of the county shall be closed both by night and by day, both on Sundays and on week days. These last names were hastily gathered, and there are enough more to follow. What the supervisors will do we know not.

Prohibition clubs have recently been formed at San Bernardino, Redlands, Colton, Riverside, Ontario, Etawanda, Rialto, Banning, Cucamonga, Beaumont and Los Angeles. Mrs. Elijah Cash has recently organized a W. C. T. U. and a Loyal Temperance Legion at Vernon, where the Congregational and Methodist churches have regular Sabbath evening temperance meetings once a month.

Los Angeles, Dec., 1891.

COPPEROPOLIS.

Doubtless, some of your readers have had some acquaintance with the history of this place and the church, once flourishing and prosperous, with a house of worship, substantially built of brick, the largest in the county (I think), when the mines were in prosperous operation. But for a long time they had been left without the sound of pick, hammer, or shovel, or the shrill whistle of the engine to call the laborer to his daily or nightly task. For the last two years, or more, business activity has changed the faces of the old residents, and hope has revived. Church work has been resumed. The Sunday school, though not large, steadily increased in numbers, and especially in its contributions; and on Children's Day (perhaps the first ever recorded in this town) a generous donation was made by the Sunday-school to the Congregational Publishing Society. The church, also, has had several additions, and gained steadily in influence, and we have as orderly and attentive congregations as in most any place of worship.

The constant change of workmen in the mines (some two or three hundred men) demands a constant presentation of gospel truth, bearing on immediate acceptance. Your hearer to-day may attend for the last time, and have his last opportunity for his soul's salvation.

During the year past, the church has been repaired; the parsonage debt adjusted, and much larger contributions given to the A. H. M. Society and the American Congregational Union than for many years. The church has been incorporated, and hope inspired our hearts. But a cloud came over us on the night of November 22d by the burning of the buildings and shops of the Union Mine Co. Notwithstanding the sad calamity, the people came out, and a large congregation gathered in the evening to observe our annual national Thanksgiving, and especially to rejoice that no lives had been lost or homes consumed in the flames. For had there been even a light wind prevailing from the west (the usual course), in the absence of water, it seems very probable much of the town must have been destroyed by the flames. When we remember that one year ago no regard was paid to this worthy custom, we feel able to rejoice in the very pleasant and happy service of the evening. The presence of the superintendent of the mine, Mr. Ross, and his remarks, gave interest to the occasion. Notwithstanding the quietness resulting from such silencing of business, there appears no despondency, and hopeful signs of recuperation appear. We are praying that these providences may be so sanctified to our good that we shall see a revival of the work of the Lord, and his blessing on the means of grace, and a turning to his Word for guidance and trust.

Dec. 2, 1891.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

The stated meeting of the Board of Managers was held at the Bible House on Thursday, December 3, 1891.

The death of the Rev. William J. R. Taylor, D.D., for many years identified with the work of the Society, was announced, and a memorial minute was adopted.

It was resolved that the Society would have an exhibition and distribution of the Scriptures at the Columbian Exposition.

Letters were presented from the Annual Conference of Germany and Switzerland of the Methodist Episcopal Church, thanking the Society for the appropriation for the circulation of the Scriptures in connection with their evangelistic work; from Rev. C. H. Tucker, the Society's agent for Brazil, with a report of Bible distribution for the month of August; from Rev. John Carrington of Siam, with an interesting account of a tour to Bang Pong on the Maklawang river; from Mr. McKim, the agent for Cuba, with encouraging accounts of the progress of the work; from Rev. Joseph Norwood of Caracas, who, although laid aside for some weeks by a dangerous attack of fever, reports a gratifying circulation of the Scriptures, which demands another large consignment for his work in Venezuela; from Rev. William L. Whipple of Tabreez, Persia, with an account of the meeting of the West Persia Mission at Oroomiah; from Rev. L. N. Wheeler of Shanghai, China, with reviews and pamphlets relating to the translation and circulation of the Scriptures in that country; from Rev. H. P. Hamilton of Mexico, and other agents of the Society in foreign lands, and from Mr. George Braithwaite of Japan, respecting the recent earthquake in that country, by which nearly 8,000 people lost their lives, and 80,000 houses were destroyed.

On recommendation of the Committee on Distribution, books were granted to the value of about \$2,349, including consignments to the Society's Venezuela and Mexico agencies, and a grant to the Missionary Society of the African Methodist Episcopal Church for their work in Africa.

It is stated that Walt Whitman, James Russell Lowell, Julia Ward Howe, Edwin P. Whipple, W. W. Story Dr. J. G. Holland, Herman Melville and Thomas W. Parsons were all born in the year 1819.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO GLASGOW.

In Glasgow.

REV. BY J. B. EDDIE.

Glasgow, with a population of nearly a million, is the largest port of Scotland and the second city of the British Empire. Tradition says it was founded about 560 by St. Mungo who drew round him a large company. As became an ecclesiastic of his importance, he is credited with having wrought many miracles and with giving Glasgow her motto—"Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word." In later times, when the city grew to depend more on commerce, the motto was shortened so that all that is now usually seen surrounding the coat of arms is, "Let Glasgow flourish." As might be expected, St. Mungo became the patron saint of Glasgow, and it has flourished wonderfully under his patronage.

A day's "outing" in Glasgow is interesting and pleasant if it does not pour in the usual way. In a clear morning a good panoramic view of the city is obtainable from Gilmore Hill, where the handsome university building stands. At the foot of the hill lies Kelvin Haugh, a miniature park, through which runs Kelvin River. Beyond, in every direction stretches a wilderness of houses closely packed. Built of solid stone, they look as if they were made to stand a bombardment or to last forever. The streets run in every imaginable direction except in straight lines, and often a street has different names for different sections of it, when one name would better serve the whole.

Winding through Glasgow, the very center and heart of the city, is the Clyde. On its bosom float noble ships from all parts of the world. The roar and din of commerce only die away when darkness falls and the thousands of gaslights on the banks flicker on the surface of the dark water. Looking over Glasgow and judging by the number of church spires rising from every part of it, one would say that Glasgow must be a very religious place. A nearer view and closer acquaintance do not confirm this belief, for Glasgow is a city of contrasts, of extremes, and even of contradictions. The upper and middle classes are church-going people. That is the fashion in their ranks, but the great masses of the people seem to be almost totally alienated from the churches.

Not far from the open thoroughfares and fashionable squares are the slums and closes, into whose precincts no policeman dares to venture single-handed. The "close" general to most of the Old World cities, is very common in Glasgow. It has usually one entrance at the end under a low, dark arch formed by the building facing the street. The "close" is literally the pathway between two rows of houses, usually from five to ten feet wide. One row of houses faces the backs of the next row. As the houses are very high, no ray of sunlight ever enters, but a perpetual gloom like that of an African forest reigns. It is easily understood how vast fires in these old cities are unspeakable blessings. In these "closes" or alleys innumerable multitudes of children are brought up in—the way they go.

There is only a short distance between the spacious mansions and palaces, with granite and marble fronts, to those slum houses where thousands of families are accommodated, each family in a single room.

We walk along Argyle street, one of the finest and busiest in the city. On both sides are magnificent buildings and commodious stores. The narrow side-walks are crowded by a motley procession. Ladies in silk and satin rustle past, followed by servants in livery. Vicious-looking men, idle by choice or force; women with bare heads, legs and feet; children in such dirt and rags as almost to defy recognition as human beings, file by in multitudes. A couple of children, three-quarters naked, with pinched, wan faces, gaze hungrily in at a bakery window. Frequently they raise a foot, stiffening with cold, off the damp stone pavement. "Move on!" says a policeman in gruff tones, as he rudely pushes them. The poor creatures slink hurriedly away, as if conscious that they had committed a crime.

Begging is illegal, but vendors of newspapers, matches, trinkets, red herrings, and a thousand other things of street trade, are thrust under our nose, while we are implored to buy.

In these crowded streets a disagreeable odor fills the air. The atmosphere seems to be laden with alcoholic vapors. The saloon is ubiquitous. The Scotch despise any liquor weaker than whisky. With all its learning and religion, Scotland has probably the sad and unenviable honor of being the most drunken country on the globe. Carlyle says that the ultimate question between every two human beings is, "Can I kill thee, or canst thou kill me?" That seems to be the ultimate question at present between Scotland and whisky.

There are three trees in Washington, Ga., which are always pointed to with pride by the citizens. One is a white oak, under which the commissioners began the work of laying out the town in 1783. A second is a poplar, under the shade of which, in 1790, took place the first ordination of a Presbyterian minister west of the Savannah River. The third is a huge oak, under which, in 1856, occurred the memorable debate between Robert Toombs and Benjamin Hill, one of the greatest intellectual contests in the history of Georgia.

Our Young Folks.

The Little Fir Trees.

Hey! little evergreens,
Sturdy and strong!
Summer and autumn-time
Hasten along.
Harvest the sunbeams, then,
Bind them in sheaves,
Range them, and change them
To tufts of green leaves.
Delve in the mellow mold,
Far, far below,
And so,
Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, grow!

Up, up, so airily,
To the blue sky,
Lift up your leafy tips
Stately and high;
Clasp tight your tiny cones,
Tawny and brown;
By and by, buffeting
Rains will pelt down;
By and by, bitterly
Chill winds will blow;
And so,
Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, grow!

Gather all uttermost
Beauty, because—
Hark, till I tell it now!
How Santa Claus,
Out of the northern land,
Over the seas,
Soon shall come seeking you,
Evergreen trees!
Seek you with reindeer soon,
Over the snow;
And so,
Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, grow!

Grow, little evergreens, grow!
What if the maples flare,
Flaunting and red?
You shall wear waxes white
Tapers instead!
What if now, elsewhere,
Birds are beguiled,
You shall yet nestle
The little Christ-child!
Ah, the strange splendor
The fir-trees shall know!
And so,
Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, grow!

THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

The exterior of the house was extremely shabby. It was one of a row of small tenement houses in Chicago. Within was evidence that the hands of a thrifty housewife was never idle. A doll, lying face downward on one of the chairs, and a few other childish toys in a little box in one corner of the room gave evidence that a child lived in the house. A bright-faced little woman was busily making a child's garment. A glance into a small side room showed a crib. In it a little girl about three years old slept sweetly and soundly. Near by stood a little girl with a sweet pathetic face who possibly may have seen seven summers.

The fact that on the table by which she was sitting was spread an evening meal, which, although plain and humble, was tastefully arranged, gave evidence that the wife was awaiting the return of her husband. A quick step was heard at the door, and a man, in the garb of a mechanic, entered the room. The wife looked up as her husband entered the room. There was a look of anxious expectancy on her face.

"The same old story—nothing for you to-day." This was the answer made by the husband to the unasked question of the wife.

"Oh, Frank, I am so disappointed; I felt sure you would find something to do to-day. Don't you get any encouragement at all?"

"Not much; I visited at least a dozen places, and at each was told they had been compelled to lay off some of their men."

"Why did we leave our little home and come to this great city? There we were among friends."

"Come, little wife," he said; don't worry and become despondent. This can't last always."

They ate their frugal meal and sat talking until far into the night, and when they finally retired to rest, it was to dream of their country home, with visions of comfort and happiness and work in abundance.

The following day was Sunday. They did not go to church, but they were represented at the Sunday-school, however, by little golden-haired Helen.

The child, although only seven years of age, was a little philosopher. All the long winter she knew, from the troubled expression on the faces of her parents, that something was wrong. And on that Saturday night Helen had gone to bed fully determined, if possible, to find out what troubled her papa and mamma.

The parents, supposing she was asleep, had talked over their gloomy prospects unreservedly during the evening, while the child listened attentively. As she lay there a sudden resolution came into her mind, and she said to herself:

"Miss Huntington said last Sunday that if we would only ask God for anything, and believe that he would give it to us, he would. Now, I am going to ask her to-morrow if she thinks that if I should ask him to help papa get work he will do it." Having settled this in her mind, the child closed her eyes and was soon fast asleep.

After Sunday-school that day Helen asked her teacher if she could see her alone just a few moments. Wondering what the child could want, Miss Huntington took her kindly by the hand and led her into a corner of the room.

"Oh, Miss Huntington, I want to ask you if it is really true that God will give us just what we ask for, if we only believe that he will do it? You know you told us so last Sunday."

"Yes, my dear, I said God was al-

ways ready to listen to the prayer of those who prayed to him earnestly and who believed he was able to give them what they asked for. But what do you wish to ask him for now?"

"You know my papa is a carpenter, and I heard my mamma and him talking last night, and I heard him say that he had tried all winter to get something to do, but he could find nothing, and he was afraid, if he could find no work soon, that he and mamma and baby and I would have to go hungry and cold. Do you think, if I should ask God to help my papa find work and was just as earnest as I could be, and believed that he would answer me, that he would help him?"

Miss Grace Huntington was the daughter of a wealthy contractor. She was a noble, kind-hearted Christian young lady, and when this eager, confiding question was asked her, and she realized what effect her answer would have on the little child asking it, her heart ached for the unfortunate parents.

"Yes, you blessed little darling," she answered, "I know God will answer your prayer. He could not do otherwise. I will also ask him to help your papa to find work."

Little Helen's heart was glad when she returned home that day, and the sober, serious look on the faces of her father and mother had no effect on her happy spirits. When the time arrived for her to retire for the night, and she knelt by the bedside and repeated the little prayer taught by her mother, she added: "Please, God, won't you help my papa to find some work, so that my mamma and little sister Hazel and papa and I shall not have to go hungry or cold? Please do, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

The following morning Frank Jennings prepared to resume his daily rounds of hunting for work. Just as he reached the street a boy came hurriedly along, looking at a note he held in his hand, and occasionally glancing at the numbers on the houses. The boy asked, "Does Mr. Jennings live in this house?"

"That is my name. What can I do for you?" asked Mr. Jennings.

"Here is a letter for you," said the boy, and before Mr. Jennings could question him further, the lad had disappeared down the street.

Wondering who could be sending him a letter, Jennings broke the seal and read the following:

"If Mr. Jennings will call at — street at 8 o'clock this morning, he will hear something to his advantage. A FRIEND."

The expression of wonder on Jennings' face gave way to one of pleased expectancy as the thought flashed through his mind that, perhaps, through this note, he might be able to obtain employment. As it was then after seven o'clock, he concluded not to go back into the house and tell his wife of the note, but at once hurried away, with a new hope.

When Helen arose that morning, and saw the sad expression of her mother's face, she went up and put her little arms tenderly around her mother's neck and said:

"Oh, mamma, don't feel so bad. I feel sure that papa will find something to do pretty soon. I know he will."

"Why, my little daughter, what do you mean?" asked the astonished mother.

"My Sunday-school teacher, Miss Huntington, told us, if we would ask God for anything and believed that he would give it to us, that he would. I asked her yesterday if she supposed he would help papa to find work if I asked him to, and she said she believed he would; so last night I asked him to help papa to get work, and I know he will help him."

That evening when her husband returned home, Mrs. Jennings knew by the look on his face that he had some pleasant news, even before he exclaimed:

"Good news, Carrie. I have found employment." And then he proceeded to tell her of the note he had received that it was from the contracting firm of Huntington & Co. The foreman said that Mr. Huntington had given orders to employ him. "And now, dear wife," continued Mr. Jennings, "I hope your troubles are over, as the foreman told me that my job would be permanent if I did satisfactory work. But I can't understand who interested themselves in my behalf; can you?"

Tears that could not be suppressed came in Mrs. Jennings' eyes and coursed down her cheeks, as she gently took her husband by the hand and led him into the little bedroom up to the bed in which little Helen lay. As they stood silently watching the face of the innocent little sleeper, Mrs. Jennings laid her head on the shoulder of her husband, and whispered:

"Ask her who did it; she can tell you better than I."

The child's prayer had been answered. —C. Edwin Wells.

Blushing bride-elect was rehearsing the ceremony about to take place. "I shall expect you to give me away, papa," she said. "I'm afraid I've done it already, Caroline," said the old gentleman, nervously. "I told your Herbert this morning that you had a disposition just like your mother's." —London Titbits.

"Why, Mr. Ardent, how ungallant of you, to say you thought I was thirty-two!" "Well, it certainly struck me that you were somewhere near the freezing-point." —Life.

PREPARING FOR A CHRISTMAS HARE-HUNT IN THE SOUTH.

We used to have hunts on Saturdays, just we boys, with, perhaps, a black boy or two of our particular cronies; but the great hunt was "in the holidays"—that is, about Christmas. Then all the young darkies about the place were free, and ready for sport.

This Christmas hunt was an event. It was the year 186—, and Christmas day falling on a Sunday, Saturday was given as the first day of the holidays. It had been a fine fall; the cover was good, and old hares were plentiful. It had been determined some time before Christmas that we would have a big hare hunt on that day, and the "boys"—that is, the young darkies—came to the house from the quarters, prepared, and by the time breakfast was over they were waiting for us around the kitchen door. Breakfast was always late about Christmas-time; perhaps the spare-ribs, and sausage, and the jelly, dripping through a blanket hung over the legs of an upturned table, accounted for it; and on this Christmas eve, it was ten by the tall clock in the corner of the dining-room before we were through. When we came out, the merry darkies were waiting for us around the kitchen door, grinning and showing their shining teeth, and laughing and shouting, and calling the dogs. They were not allowed to have guns; but our guns, long old single-barrels, handed down for at least two generations, had been carried out and cleaned, and they were handing them around, inspecting and aiming them with as much pride as if they had been brand-new. There was only one exception to the rule: Uncle Limpy-Jack, so called because he had one leg shorter than the other, was allowed to have a gun. He was a sort of a professional hunter about the place. No lord was ever prouder of a special privilege handed down in his family for generations.

The other fellows were armed with stout sticks and made much noise. Uncle Limpy-Jack was, as stated, the only exception; he was grave as became a "man" who was a hunter by business, and "warn't" arter no foolishness. He allowed no one to touch his gun, which thus possessed a special value. He carried his powder in a gourd, and his shot in an old rag.

The pack of dogs I have described, fully recruited, were hanging around, growling and snarling, sneaking into the kitchen and being kicked out by Aunt Betty and her corps of varicolored assistants, largely augmented at the approach of Christmas with his cheer. The yelping of the mongrel pack, the shouts and whoops of the boys, and the laughter of the maids or men about the kitchen and back-yard, all in their best clothes and high spirits, were exhilarating, and with many whoops and much "hollering," we climbed the yard fence, and, disdaining a road, of course, set out down the hill across the field, taking long strides, each one bragging loudly of what he would do. —St. Nicholas.

THE ART OF CHRISTMAS GIVING.

It has been nearly two thousand years ago since the first beautiful Christmas gift came on earth, and it was received with gladness and joy by shepherd and king alike. To-day, in memory of that, I give you some little trifle, because I love you, but I give it so ungraciously you scarcely like to take it, writes Ruth Ashmore in the December Ladies' Home Journal. A pretty way to send a gift is to do it up in one of the colored tissue papers, tie it with the extremely narrow ribbon that can be bought for a few pennies, the whole twelve yards, and so give your friend the pleasure of untying the mysterious box, of removing the pretty ribbons and of coming to the surprise at last, the something for which she has longed for many a day. I know a woman who has wanted a pincushion ten years, who in that time has gotten two diamond bracelets and innumerable rings, but the long-looked-for pincushion has never come. She still hopes for it, and believes that this year will certainly bring it. You say, "Why not buy it?" Well, now, who ever bought a pincushion without the intention of giving it to somebody else?

Give with a loving and full heart, and never, under any circumstances, give that which you begrudge. Such a gift will bear no fruit for you, not even the honest fruit of thanks. You can quote as many times as you want that "Unto him that hath shall be given," and so it shall, because it is just this way, my friend: You possess the gifts of gentleness and graciousness, of politeness and of goodness, and these are gifts that call others to them. If people are cross and disagreeable, there is very slight inclination to wish them a Merry Christmas; if they are irritable and snappish, nobody cares whether they are blessed with a Christmas present or not; but unto her who has the graces that I have cited, will certainly come a basket full of good gifts, "pressed down, shaken together, and running over."

SIR EDWIN POLLORIED.

In "The Light of the World" Sir Edwin Arnold has succeeded in supplying the long-felt want of a version of the Gospels in the style of The Daily Telegraph. His ambition, however, goes beyond that of a mere translator. He has recast the story told by the Evangelists into verse corresponding in its classic beauty to the austere prose of the journal which modestly admits to possessing the largest circulation in the world. Sir Edwin Arnold makes a good second

to Mr. Lewis Morris as a provider of spurious poetry for the million. He has not the noble following of Lewis the Great. He has not caught the very accents of the moralizing grocer—the very note of neo-Puritanic cant—as it has been caught by the happier bungler. There are unhappily many to whom its invertebrate theosophy, its meretricious style, its effeminate and irrational optimism, its gaudy commonplaces, and its swaddling sentimentalism will render it a thing of great price. It is, nevertheless, a book to be strongly condemned in the interest alike of sound Christianity and of good literature. Dogma is not to be swept away by such vague and emasculate theorizings as Sir Edwin Arnold's. To talk of Christ's message bringing high Nirvana nearer hope—if it means anything at all—is to cast (of course unintentionally) a slur on the name of the Redeemer. Doubtless Sir Edwin Arnold nowhere intends to speak otherwise than reverently of the Christian faith. But his Buddhist vagaries are simply repellent in a work dealing with the life of the Saviour. His book in many places invites almost irresistibly to ridicule. Nor is there throughout a spontaneous musical verse or a phrase artistically colored and carved. When the author is not commonplace, none know his meaning. His abuse of Indian and Hebrew words is a literary outrage; he drones when he does not gush; and his most ambitious passages are but as much tinsel trumpetry. —The National Observer.

When flowers or other bright decorations are hard to obtain, a most pleasing substitute is afforded by the cones of pine or Norway spruce, writes Eben E. Rexford, in the December Ladies' Home Journal. These, in their natural color, are very pretty, but their effect can be greatly heightened by bronzing or gilding them. The liquid gold paints sold by all dealers in artists' goods, are cheap, and produce good results. Apply two coats, so that the cone will be well covered. A cluster of them, shining against a background of dark green, will stand out brilliantly by lamplight. For a good deal of the decorative work about arches over the altar, and in the making of crosses and similar designs, they are much preferable to flowers or fruit, as they are more in harmony with the evergreens among which they are used. Provided your gilding is good, most pleasing results can be secured by giving cones such a covering. Try it, and you will be sure to be pleased with this new method. It is always well to remember that artistic effects do not depend upon elaborate designs. The simplest decorations, especially in a church altar, are oftentimes the most effective, and where taste is used rather than quality, success is, as a rule, far more certain.

There will be no climbing the hill of the Lord without effort; no going to glory without the violence of faith. I believe that the ascent to heaven is still as Bunyan described it—a staircase, every step of which will have to be fought for. —Spurgeon.

"Isn't it a wonderful lesson to man—the way a canary, caged for life, sings, and sings, and sings all the time?" "Lesson?" I think it is a bad example. If a man were as vindictive as that, he'd be executed."

JOHN HENDERSON, JR.,

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Secretary.

DONALD KENNEDY

Of Roxbury, Mass., says

Strange case—cured by my MEDICAL DIS-

COVERY came to me every day. Here is

one of Paralysis—blindness—and the Grin.

Now how does my MEDICAL DISCOVERY

cure all these? I don't know unless it takes

the lid of the Hidden Poison that makes all

Humor.

VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA, Sept. 9th, 1891.

Donald Kennedy—Dear Sir: I will state my

case to you: About nine years ago I was

paralyzed in my left side, and the best doctors

gave me no relief for two years, and I was

advised to try my DISCOVERY, which did

its duty, and in a few months I was restored

to health. About four years ago I became

blind in my left eye by a spotted catarrh.

Last March I was taken with a Grippe, and

was confined to my bed for three months.

At the end of that time, as in the start, then

it struck me that your DISCOVERY was the

thing for me; so I got a bottle and before it was

half gone I was able to go to my work in the

mines. Now in regard to my eyes, as I lost

my left eye, and about six months ago my

right eye became affected with black spots

over the sight as did the left eye—pehaps

some twenty of them—but since I have been

using your DISCOVERY they all left my right

eye but one; and, thank God, the bright

light of heaven is once more making its ap-

pearance in my left eye. I am wonderfully

astonished at it, and thank God and your

MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

Yours truly, HANK WHITE.

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and paintings, with descriptive text, showing the

Plymouth of 1620 and the Plymouth of today.

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views, 50 cents.

Sketches about Plymouth.—Folkings by

W. H. W. Hicknell, in white portfolio. Size, 10x12.

Pilgrim Plymouth.—Sixteen indecible

views, with descriptive text. Size, 10x12. Cloth

covers, gilt, \$4.50. Same, in handsome seal bind-

ing, \$7.50.

"Standish of Standish," by Jane G. Austin.

The story of the Pilgrims; deeply interesting, his-

torically accurate; cloth binding, \$1.25.

Little Pilgrims at Plymouth.—By L. R.

Humphrey. The Pilgrim story told for children.

Fine illustrations; cloth, \$1.25.

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Models of the famous Rock, two sizes; by mail

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brought in the Mayflower, 1620, 25 cents.

Photographs of Plymouth Rock, Pilgrim

Hall, National Monument to the Pilgrims, and

one hundred other subjects of historic interest.

Extra views, \$2.25, 25 cents each, \$4.00 per

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Plymouth Album, 31 Views, 25 cents.

Any of the above books will make handsome

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We have sent samples to the editor of this paper

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MERCHANT

[FOR THE PACIFIC]

Mortal.

O mortal! on this mundane sphere,
Who callest thyself human,
Pause within the vale of tears
Of weeping men and women.

Look at the rainbow in the skies;
Behold the brilliant color
That meets the vision of thine eyes,
And know thy life is fuller

Of the sunshine's warmth and love
Than all those drops of beauty;
The whole canopy above
Illuminates thy duty.

Which is prescribed by the Divine
To lead thy soul to glory,
For every impulse of thy mind
Is fraught with the big story

Of everlasting love and truth
That waits within the portals,
To guide thee on from babe to youth,
And to the end of mortals.

For you and I and every one
Are placed here for a reason;
And are part of God's great plan;
To doubt this would be treason.

Then joyous be, that thou wert born
A thing of love eternal,
And leave behind the shadows low;
Embrace the joys supernal.

LOUISA THOMPSON.
ST. HELENA, Nov. 31, 1891.

THE SECRET OF POWER.

BY FANNIE L. M'ABEE.

[An address by Mrs. Fannie L. McAbee of the Salvation Army, before the anniversary meeting of the Woman's State Home Missionary Society October 6th, in the Third church in this city.]

I am glad to be able to stand before this representative body of women, and, looking into your faces, to feel that you are interested in the same great work in which I am interested—that of bringing the world to Christ.

I call you women. I intentionally avoid the use of the term lady, because with that word there seems to come before my mind the so-called lady of today, living in luxury and idleness, or in bondage to others of her own kind whom she calls "society," flirting, making fashionable calls and petting a poodle. But you and I are women—women with a motive for existence, women with an aim. I want to magnify our calling today; I want you to feel in leaving here that we are the most important women of the century, having been entrusted with the most important work of the age; women with a message to deliver which is fraught with the issues of eternal life and eternal death to humanity.

I judge by your presence here that you have gathered together to learn how better to win souls to Jesus, and if possible, acquire new and more practical methods of tearing down Satan's kingdom and upraising the blood-stained banner of our Christ. I have been invited by your president to represent the body called the Salvation Army, and to talk with you a little of its methods of work and of the success with which God is owning and blessing those methods. I trust you will let me speak simply, just as if I were standing in one of our own plain little barracks with a company of warrior lassies at my right, hallelujah-bonneted, and at my left a band of red-guernseyed soldiers, flanked by the old bass drum which we love so well.

You, dear friends, are not the only body of God's thoughtful and earnest children who are asking this question of us: "What does the Army itself consider the cause of its phenomenal success in soul winning?" This question always gives me deep gratitude to God when I hear it, for it is not only a question, it is an acknowledgment that we are a success. Time was when we were far differently looked upon, and none thought of asking such questions of us; but the sight of our many trophies, as they march the streets nightly, has proved to the world that what we started out to do we have done and are doing.

As I consider this question, there comes to my mind a cluster of causes for this success, but they all spring from one main, underlying principle. I believe I am voicing the sentiment of the Army as a whole, and of our noble general, the head of the Army under God, when I say that the inward experience of holiness is the mainspring of the success of the Army in soul-saving, and is indeed the backbone of its existence. From the depths of our consecration and from the experience of heart-purity, spring the loving, joyful devotion, the self-sacrifice and self-denial which mark our progress. This is universal in the Army all over the world, from the highest officers to the latest recruit in sanctification. Never until the judgment books are opened will the world know anything of the deeds of personal and hidden self-abnegation and of patient, seemingly unrewarded toil, which mark the path of the Army. A trail of blood tracks, sometimes almost literally, a trail of scoffing and sneers always, but a trail of light to our own souls, of love and joy and peace, and a sure looking forward to hearing our dear Lord's voice saying to us, "Inasmuch."

I will speak of one or two instances coming under my personal observation in our own district, in my short experience of Army warfare.

We have girl officers, who, during the protracted heat of this last summer, in torrid places, have worked right through it, uncomplainingly; yes, even joyfully; marching the streets with the thermometer at 115 in the shade. Looking over their weekly report forms we have noted their salaries sometimes twenty-five cents per week, sometimes fifty; and I have said, "Ah, such toil as this shall have its rich reward, its blessed approval of 'well done.'" The girl officers are all or nearly all from homes of ease and

comfort, or from positions of dignity and remuneration.

Immediately after my marriage, my dear husband and myself took as our wedding trip the rounds of our district. We opened the little town of Auburn. The first ten days there we slept upon the floor, ate from tin dishes and had only one fork between us, with no knife at all, except my husband's pocket knife. Were we sad? Far from it. Those were ten of the happiest days I ever spent, for I felt that I was really entering with Christ into his plan for the redemption of the lost.

This spirit of joyful self-sacrifice can only spring from a heart cleansed from self, from love of ease and love of the world and the things in the world, and without this the Army would be shorn of its power. Other causes of success spring from this, the greatest probably being our having a proper conception of the magnitude and importance of the work. At the time of the Civil War no one complained of its fearful cost. Men, money, treasure, heart's blood, were freely and heroically given because the end in view, the salvation of the Republic and the elevation of humanity, justified the means.

My own mother, after watching a little company of three hundred, among them my father, march away to the war, turned back with brave heart to where four little children claimed her care, and bravely went through those years of anxiety and toil, chopping the firewood and filling the place of both father and mother to her half-orphaned band, while carrying the weight of painful solicitude for the dear one at the front. Ask the maimed veterans, ask the ex-prisoners of Andersonville and Libby if the war paid. They will tell you they would go through it all again if necessary to accomplish the same results, the preserving of the Union and the freeing of the slave. Ask our Lord Christ, sitting at the right hand of the Father in glory and majesty, immortal and unapproachable, if Calvary and Gethsemane, paid; if for the joy set before him he fainted not in those awful lonely years, do you think he regrets them now? Just so the Salvation Army, for the prize set before them, for the world to be won, counts all things but loss for the sake of the kingdom. The saving warfare demands sacrifice of money and treasures and often life—the same as the killing warfare.

When Columbus came to Queen Isabella with his project for sailing in discovery of the unknown continent, she exclaimed in her enthusiasm: "I pledge my jewels to the success of this enterprise."

Dear mothers, though you may not have gold or precious stones to give the Lord, perhaps you possess jewels of greater worth for which God is asking you. There is that brown-eyed boy. He is your idol, the joy of your home; but God has been calling for laborers in his harvest field. Will you give me this jewel, this idol of your heart, for my own? You say you love this work; you sing, "Oh, how I love Jesus." How much do you love him? Enough to give him your jewels? You commend this sacrifice in others, but will you give your sons and your daughters?

I say we must have a proper conception of the work. Do you realize that there are twenty-five or thirty thousand women in this one city alone who live lives of immorality or shame? What will you do to rescue them? Will you let your daughter go down into their haunts of sin and carry the message of salvation? Some one must go. The class of whom we talk and for whom we labor will never be reached from your carpeted, beautiful churches. You must go down to them. I say it understandingly. It matters not how beautiful our music may be, how eloquent the sermon, how great the desire to reach these people, they will never come to us; we must go to them. The world cries out for a living Saviour. Not for an *ism*, not for a theory, but for a living and mighty Christ. Will you take him to them?

In a drunkard's home in one of the slums of a large city a slum missionary found her way, and after patient dealing and many prayers, a marked transformation was made in the little household. The father stopped drinking, bread was found in the cupboard, the children's feet were clad, and peace reigned in place of terror. The little daughter happened, one day, into a children's meeting, and the question was asked by the missionary of the class: "Can any one tell me where God lives?" Some were about to venture the reply, "Up in heaven," but the hand of this little one was raised, and in eager tones she responded, "Please, m'am, I know; He's come to live in our alley now."

Another very evident cause of success, as we consider, is the wearing of our uniform. If I had time I could give you many instances of souls being led to Christ because some one was willing to become a sign board or a walking advertisement for Jesus.

Last, but not least, as a cause of success, we reckon the employment of women as officers. For once woman has her rights, and in many instances our brethren stand gracefully aside and give to women the privilege of doing what she has grandly proved she is thoroughly able to do. The marked contrast between our women and the other women of today, both in dress and the very expression of their faces, is a daily sermon wherever they go.

The very sight of the sweet, holy faces of our girls, as they go among the wicked in the saloons and brothels, is a holy in-

spiration to those they come in contact with. Woman in her weakness, relying upon a mighty Christ, has arisen to the emergency of the hour, and has proved, by her loving, faithful work, her competency to deal with women of God of the nineteenth century—dare to go forward in God's name. Hesitate no longer. Query no longer as to how to reach the masses, but reach them by personal contact, as Jesus did. They are slipping into perdition with every sun. Who will lay aside the praise of the world and the effete methods of the past, and, putting on some dress or badge by which you may be known as one set apart for service, go forth to do battle with the hosts of darkness until the kingdom comes in power?

Victory is certain under the banner of the cross.

Literary and Educational.

BIBLE STUDIES FROM THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS. Covering the International Sunday-school Lessons for 1892. By George F. Pentecost, D.D. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., 751 Broadway, New York. Price \$1.00. He says in the preface, "This volume has been written in India, in the midst of incessant evangelistic labors." "The author has had few books of reference to consult." In his surroundings "it has been difficult to keep to the point of exposition from a teacher's standpoint, and not go off into historical and illustrative commentary." We have used these studies with great profit the past year, and hope and expect to enjoy them still more during the year before us.

A writer in the *Unitarian* for November says that he prefers the God of "Channing, Parker, and Emerson, to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob." To this irrelevant utterance he adds the idea that it would be a sin against God not to discard the old for the new, the inspiration of Christ's day for ours. He says that Unitarians ought "frankly to admit that our theology does not rest upon the Bible, but upon the human spirit of which the Bible is but one noble expression." Dr. McCosh has well said that infidelity is "not a doctrine, but a ditch." It is well to see just where so-called liberal thought is to land us.

"YOUR CHRISTMAS CAROL FREE."—In accordance with a custom of several years' standing, Harper & Brothers, New York, offer to Sunday-schools a Christmas carol, in quantities of from 10 to 500 copies, as may be required. They furnish them free, and any Sunday-school officer may secure them if he makes an early request, and gives the name of his school, and the number of copies required. The words of this new carol are by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, and the music by Richard Henry Warren, organist of St. Bartholomew's church, New York city.

The elegant fashion magazines published by A. McDowell & Co., 4 West Fourteenth street, New York, again appear on our table. The November number contains a lesson on cross skirts with diagram, also colored plates and illustrations with descriptions. Costumes for babies, nurses and small folks are finely illustrated. Wraps and dresses for the fall and winter season receive considerable mention. Send direct to the publishers, if your newsdealer does not keep these journals.

The *Offertory Calendar* is published by the Golden Rule Company, 50 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass., for fifteen cents each, when ordered in lots of fifty cents or more; sample copies will also be sent for fifteen cents; no postage or express. It combines a useful, ornamental calendar with the weekly envelope system. It is a daily reminder of pledges, keeping the envelope constantly in sight, and ministers testify that it largely increases the weekly contributions.

A learned Brahmin from Bombay says of *Ex Oriente*, Dr. E. P. Thwing's last book: "I was struck with the clearness and honesty with which it describes Oriental nations. The analysis of the Hindu mind is very correct. In two or three generations the character of the Hindus will be entirely transformed into a mixed Eastern and Western type, which, no doubt, will be a great blessing to the people and country. Education and Christianity will produce this result."

The seventh issue of the well-known *Columbia Daily Calendar*, issued by the Pope Manufacturing Company, Boston, is at hand, and is an improvement on former ones, excellent as they were. The pad slips come in handy for notes, memoranda, and "copy," now and then.

"The Valley of Lillies," by Thomas A. Kempis, is a companion volume to the "Little Garden of Roses." It is published by Stokes & Co., and sold by J. H. Phelan of this city for sixty cents. It is a rich treasure of precious thoughts for the whole year round.

Doxey, under the Palace, has the Society Calendar, published by Stokes & Co., and sold for \$1.75. As its name indicates, it is of the society order, and will be a New Year's gift for many young ladies and gentlemen.

The *Surprise Calendar*, by Mrs. J. Pauline Suter, and published by Fred A. Stokes & Bro., is very pretty. It is sold by J. H. Phelan, San Francisco, for fifty cents.

The Four Little Darkies Calendar is published by the same house and sold by the same firm for fifty cents.

THE TYPEWRITER AS AN EDUCATOR.

The value of the typewriter for conducting business correspondence, and putting on paper literary ideas, is not a matter that needs argument. There is scarcely a business office or editorial room of any magnitude in the country where one or more of these machines is not regularly used. There are, however, advantages beyond those of speed and legibility which suggest still greater possibilities in the future for the typewriter. Not the least of these is the educational advantage. Dr. William A. Mowry, a member of the Boston School Board, recently published in his journal, "Education," a carefully prepared paper, stating at considerable length his own conviction that "one good typewriter in every room of fifty pupils in a grammar school or high school will not only be an important timesaver, but also by its use the ability to write correctly and readily the English language will be acquired in far less time and with much less effort than by any other means." This is a very important statement, and it is confirmed by the testimony of many educators in various parts of the country. The superintendent of schools of Manchester, N. H., recently wrote, in sending a check to Messrs. Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict, for a Remington typewriter:

"I bought the machine as an educational means whereby my children may pleasantly and most efficiently learn a proper use of the English language—terseness and elegance of expression, spelling, capitalization, punctuation, paragraphing, business and other forms, etc." There are one hundred uses for the typewriter to-day where there was one ten years ago, and the fields in which it may be profitable are by no means exhausted. The Remington typewriter was the pioneer in affording the relief which has resulted from its use to overburdened business men and women. It has kept easily in the first rank, and is being improved as rapidly as science, skill, and inventive genius can devise better things. For several years this machine has been the only one used in the *Christian Union* office, and every year makes it necessary to add one or more new Remingtons for the increasing business.—*Christian Union*.

A MOTHER'S PROPHECY.

There is a touching and instructive story told of a man whose name still stands foremost on the role of American honor. Full of a bounding ambition, a youth of promise had won leave to go to sea. The word was given with pain and regret that were kept in sharp check for a season. A midshipman's appointment obtained, the day of departure came, the vessel awaited its crew, a boat was at the harbor landing to take the lad away. The boy saw to his luggage, and, still with eager anticipation, made final arrangements to sever the home tie. He had only a minute or two left. He went indoors to say good-bye to his mother, and her sad face was a revelation. The shadow had refused this time to lift in obedience to an effort of will. The youth looked, and understood, and was strong to resolve. It might wear the appearance of fickleness, or, still worse, of timidity. But he was decided. He would encounter the discredited. He spoke to a servant: "Go and tell them to fetch my trunk back; I will not go away to break my mother's heart." In that mother's soul there was a swift up-leaping of joy, less for the changed purpose than for the disclosure of her son's character. "George," she said, "God has promised to bless the children that honor their parents, and I believe he will bless you." On the day when George Washington, the victorious leader of a new nation, went forth from Mount Vernon to take up the Presidency of his people, did he think of the fulfilled forecast of his widowed mother? In hundreds of homes to-day young dreamers map out the future. The surest way to blessing is to put filial piety into their reckoning.—*The Quiver*.

It is very likely not so very uncommon for college boys to get help in writing their essays and theses, nor even to hire some one outright to write them; but we were not quite prepared to see, as in a periodical devoted to higher education and printed in New Haven, an advertisement wherein a gentleman, over his own name and address, guarantees to do that business for any young men who may apply. Such advertisements have been long a feature in English journals. In the decadent conditions of merely professional curacies in the English church a class of writers find their occupation in furnishing sermons to order. Occasionally, even in America, preachers have been accused of plagiarizing. Perhaps, if one is going to use other people's manuscripts at all, it were quite as well to make the business of furnishing those manuscripts a thing publicly understood. But we would fain hope that it is not going to be regarded as legitimate for students or ministers to appear in borrowed garments on the platform or in the pulpit, nor for reputable gentlemen to advertise lending them. We should be sorry to be called a "back number" for expressing this hope!

In some of the old countries men who toil have almost lost their names, and have become only a number. Every workman in Japan wears on his cap and on his back an inscription giving his business and his employer's name.

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FROM PORTLAND, OREGON.

One of the most useful institutions we have in this city is the Good Samaritan Hospital. This beneficent institution was established by Bishop Morris of the Protestant Episcopal Church, about sixteen years ago. Of course, those who can pay are expected to do so; but the doors are ever open to all, regardless of nationality or ability to pay. The expenses of the hospital for the eleven months ending June 1, 1891, were \$31,085.08, of which sum \$22,631.34 have been received from paying patients. The remainder, some \$8,453.74, the balance from last year, has been received from the endowment of memorial beds. The following statement gives a comprehensive view of the work done during the eleven months above referred to:

Patients under treatment July 1, 1890, 52; admitted during the year, 743; died in hospital, 44; discharged, 722; remaining under treatment June 1, 1891, 73; whole number treated in hospital, 795; of this number 150 were free charity patients, and 645 were paying patients; whole number of days' care bestowed upon free patients, 4,724; upon paying patients, 19,157; total number of days' care, 23,881.

Of the various nationalities, 486 were American; 70 German; 43 Swedish; 39 English; 35 Irish; 23 Norwegian; 13 Scotch; 10 Canadian; 15 Danish; 5 French; 9 Switzerland; 2 Nova Scotia; 3 Chinese; 8 Russian; 5 Austrian; 6 Italian; 4 Holland; 3 Australia; 1 Syria; 1 South America; 1 Wales; 1 Portugal; 2 Japanese; 2 Indian; total 795.

In religious faith, 174 were Protestant; 121 Roman Catholic; 116 Lutheran; 84 Methodist; 65 Episcopalian; 53 Presbyterian; 22 Church of England; 23 Baptist; 20 Christian; 9 Hebrew; 5 Adventist; 4 Unitarian; 5 Heathen; 2 Evangelical; 1 United Brethren; 1 United Presbyterian; 81 professing no religion. Total 795.

Five beds have been endowed by Philadelphians at a cost of \$16,000. Surely the dwellers in the "City of Brotherly Love" have vindicated their name in this part of the world. Churches of other denominations, who have no hospital, would do themselves credit by sending a small collection, at least once a year, to this excellent and well-managed institution, which has seven of as good physicians as there are in the State upon its medical staff.

President McClelland of Pacific University supplies the Congregational Church at Corvallis to-day. He is an able preacher, and is being sought for by many churches in the State.

Rev. D. L. Fordney, pastor of the Gaston Church, conducted services last Sunday at the Beaverton Church.

Considerable interest was manifested last week in the special meetings at the Albina Church under the direction of Rev. Daniel Staver. These will be continued during the week.

Arrangements have been finally perfected by the ministers of this city whereby Rev. B. Fay Mills will begin a series of revival meetings here on or about March 20th.

Great sorrow has come to the household of your correspondent during the past week. On Tuesday evening, at 9:30 o'clock, our oldest boy passed from this to the better life, lacking but a few days of being sixteen years old. For many weary and anxious months have we dreaded the final great change which we knew must come, but yet which, somehow or other, we hoped might be averted. And now the wave of trouble has broken over us with crushing force. "Why should our boy be taken?" is the constantly recurring question that seems uppermost in our minds, in spite of ourselves; and yet "Why not?" As we stood by the open grave as his beloved remains were placed there, beside his two sisters, with hearts almost breaking, we could not wish him back. Whatever there may be in the future, we are confident that our boy is safe, and we take great comfort in believing that he is in a mansion prepared for him by the Divine Saviour. Six years ago last March he became a member of the church, and has given ample evidence to our minds that he understood what the profession meant. Mourn as we do, yet we mourn not as those without hope. We pray for the grace of continuance, and that we may have greater sympathy and accordingly be more helpful to those in like bereavement. Our Teacher, who can see the end of all things from the beginning, we are determined to trust in more, and desire that His will may be done.

Francis Murphy opened his meetings last Sunday evening at the Tabernacle, which was filled to the uttermost. He made a good impression in his first address, and his meetings during the past week have attracted wide spread interest. It is estimated that 2,000 have signed the pledge. Mr. Murphy is assisted in the meetings by his wife and son. They will be continued during the coming week.

In the Protestant Episcopal Church, Oregon is the smallest diocese in the number of its communicants and clergy in the United States; at the same time; in its contributions to the General Board of Missions of that church the report of the board just published says: "Oregon, the latest new diocese, takes first rank among the contributors to the board west of the Mississippi." Why cannot our Congregational brethren step forward into the front rank of contributors for home missions, in view of the pressing demands on the mother society in New York and the imperative need for taking the fields already explored?

It is not generally supposed that Oregon is very rich in curios or relics of the past, but one that has a very singular and interesting history has been discovered in the Coquille country, about sixty to seventy-five miles west of Roseburg, by Bishop Morris of the P. E. church, who recently made a missionary trip to that section, and gives an account of it in the *Oregon Churchman* for December. It is an old, large folio Bible and prayer-book, bound together, that was in use in Trinity church, New York, before the Revolution. It was printed in London in 1728, and contains, besides the Bible and English prayer-book, Sternhold's & Hopkins' version of psalms with metrical version of the Ten Commandments. It has also a form of family prayer in which the words, "So mote it be," take the place of the ordinary Amen. It is bound in thick oak boards with heavy brass clasps, and bears many evidences of its age and the hardships through which it has passed. The following history is plainly written on the inside of the cover:

"This Bible belonged to Trinity church, New York, and was thrown out when the church was burned soon after the British took the city in 1776, and was picked up by a Frenchman named Vincent Tillyou, who took it to New Jersey and sold it to John Tucker, Somerset county, for a cow. He died in 1811, and his son, John Tucker, kept it while he lived. In 1841, it came into the possession of Allan Parker, grandson of John Tucker, Sr., and in 1864 it came into the possession of Judah Parker, son of Allan Parker."

But these are not all the changes and vicissitudes the old book has passed through. When Mr. Judah Parker came to the Pacific Coast in 1869 the old Bible was left in care of his parents in the state of New York, and after their death it was borrowed by some unknown person, and finally supposed to have been entirely lost. Some one found it and pawned it to the Historical Society in Waterloo, New York. The present Mrs. Parker of Parkersburg, Coos county, found it there, and by paying the sum advanced on it, recovered the valuable relic and brought it home with her to Oregon. The book is now in her possession at Parkersburg, and highly prized for its ancient associations and curious history.

The following account of the burning of New York at this time, September 21, 1776, will not be uninteresting in this connection. It is from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Inglis, then rector of Trinity church and subsequently bishop of Nova Scotia. Speaking of the purpose of the enemy to burn the city, he says:

"On the Saturday following an opportunity presented itself; for the weather being very dry, and the wind blowing fresh, they set fire to the city in several places at the same time between twelve and one in the morning. The fire raged with the utmost fury, and in its destructive progress, consumed about 1,000 houses, or a fourth part of the whole city. To the vigorous efforts of the officers of the army and navy, and not the soldiers and seamen, it is owing, under Providence, that the whole city was not destroyed. We had three churches, of which Trinity church was the oldest and largest. It was a venerable edifice, had an excellent organ which cost £850 sterling, and was otherwise ornamental. The church, with the rector's house and the charity school—the two latter large and expensive buildings—were burned. St. Paul's church and King's College had shared the same fate, being directly on the line of fire, had I not been providentially on the spot and sent a number of people with water on the roof of each. Our houses are all covered with cedar shingles, which makes fire very dangerous. The corporation has suffered prodigiously, which was evidently intended. Besides the buildings already mentioned, about 200 houses, which stood on the church ground, were consumed, so that the loss cannot be estimated at less than £25,000 sterling."

Last Friday evening the ladies of the Congregational church of Albany held their bazaar entertainment. An excellent musical and literary programme was rendered, followed by refreshments. Miss Edith Harris of Salem took a leading part in the musical exercises.

Last Monday was an unusually stormy day. Nothing approaching it has occurred since January 9, 1880. The velocity of the wind here for two hours was at the rate of forty-seven miles an hour. "Oh, it was nothing but a gentle zephyr," said some of those who came here from Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota and Kansas. They were very much surprised to see that it was regarded as a terrific storm by Oregonians. No damage was done in the Willamette valley, as far as known, save blowing out an occasional pane of glass and upturning the forest trees here and there. At Fort Canby, situated on Cape Hancock, the prominent headland north of the Columbia river, the gale reached a velocity of eighty-six miles an hour, and continued fifteen hours; while every little while, for a space of five minutes at a time, the velocity of the wind reached ninety-eight miles. At Tillamook, on the coast, sixty miles west of this city, considerable damage was done to buildings. The Catholic church was moved from its foundation a few feet, and the Christian church was utterly demolished. A few unfinished houses were somewhat injured.

While east of the Cascade range there has been a general fall of snow of several inches depth, none of any consequence has come to any part of Western Oregon. Enough came on the night of December 3d to whiten the hill summits near by, but all passed away before noon of the next day following.

The ladies of the First church will hold their annual bazaar next Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, to be followed on the latter evening by a musicale. Professor H. A. Shorey supplied Plymouth church last Sunday, and Noel H. Jacks to-day.

This morning Pastor Clapp preached a most earnest and effective Christmas sermon on "The Mission of Christ." It was a strong appeal for more consecrated living and a higher Christian purpose. Sin in high places, as well as among the lowly, was rebuked in fitting terms. What the world and the average Christian esteem as minor sins were placed alongside the most heinous offenses and held up to equal condemnation. Christ, the hope of the world, was shown to be an all-sufficient Saviour from all sin, even to the uttermost. The application of the discourse was such as to surely cause all candid persons, even though they were professing Christians, to realize that they came far short of the true standard of living.

The Murphy meetings will close to-night. They have been helpful and full of interest from the beginning. Many have signed the pledge, and numbers have been helped to make a start in the Christian way, and to realize that Christ has power over reigning sin. The daily noon prayer-meetings for the past week have been especially interesting, and the manifestations of the Spirit have been signally blessed. Mr. Murphy goes to Puget Sound again.

Dec. 13, 1891. GEO. H. HIMES.

FROM SPOKANE, WASH.

Two weeks ago, in this letter, the readers of THE PACIFIC were told of the opening of the new edifice of the First church of this city. Perhaps some particulars in regard to the edifice itself and the work it is now doing so systematically and effectually, may not be uninteresting.

Ten years ago this month the First Congregational church dedicated its first house of worship. A short time since, the new edifice was thrown open, being crowded at its first meeting; and preparations are being made to dedicate the new building on the tenth anniversary of the first dedication.

The old building is now owned by the German Catholics. At the time it was built it was fully adequate for the needs of the city, having a seating capacity of 250. In contrast, the building recently erected seats 950, and has the honor of being the first church edifice built since the great fire of two years ago. The building is of granite, the interior being finished with native pine and redwood. The furniture is of cherry, upholstered with brown. The memorial windows are a notable feature of the church. Noticeable among them are windows in memory of Rev. Geo. H. Atkinson, Rev. Cushing Eells and Rev. N. F. Cobleigh, to all of whom this church was indebted for much-needed aid during its pioneer days. When the first building was dedicated Dr. Eells presented it with the bell; it has done faithful service, and occupies a place in the new belfry to-day.

Under the able guidance of Dr. R. A. Beard, the church bids fair to be greatly blessed. Since his pastorate began, the work of the church has been thoroughly systematized, and reports—of which the different committees presented December 2d—show that all are doing their part to uphold the cause and pastor. He has been giving a series of lectures upon "Rocks and Shoals," which have been very helpful.

The Sunday-school has gained a third over the membership of the fall. The Y. P. S. C. E. has the largest society in this city, work among the children being where its stronghold is centered. A Boys' Brigade and a girls' society, known as the Busy Gleaners, are organizations for the younger members of the congregation. The Ladies' Aid Society has given several delightful afternoons, and are planning work wherever it is needed.

The Thanksgiving services were held under the care of the Ministerial Association, in the auditorium. The rabbi preached the sermon, and the other parts of the service were participated in

by Dr. Beard, Rev. W. A. Shanklin and Rev. Mr. Spaulding. The church mourns the loss of its senior deacon, Mr. J. S. Hoyt, who died just before Thanksgiving. By his death the church loses one of those rare, upright Christian characters whom all love. His place will be hard to fill. C. C.

It is reported that some one put the question to Mr. Stanley: "With all your experience, do you consider the efforts of foreign missionaries really have proven a success?" Stanley's face lighted up, his eyes flashed, and he exclaimed: "Yes, sir, most emphatically. I am certain of it as that I am sitting here talking to you. I am perfectly convinced of the fact that the work of missionaries is successful. It has not always been carried on rightly or managed wisely; nevertheless, they can be shown to-day as something marvelous, considering the country where they have been at work, and considering what the people were."

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF NORA CONNELLY, DECEASED. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary Sickler, administratrix of the estate of Nora Connelly, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administratrix, at her residence, 1224 Mission street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate.

MARY SICKLER, Administratrix of the Estate of Nora Connelly, deceased. Dated San Francisco, November 25th, 1891.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF JOSEPHINE A. ROBINSON, DECEASED. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Willis E. Bloss, executor of the estate of Josephine A. Robinson, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at Rooms 42 and 43 No. 330 Pine street, in the City and County of San Francisco—office of R. Thompson, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Willis E. Bloss, Executor of the Estate of Josephine A. Robinson, deceased. Dated at San Francisco, December 7, 1891.

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